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The Seed

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VOL. 4 NO. 2 35¢





# CONTINUING BUSINESS

Gary Snyder, a fine poet and man of the planet, has just published a book called, "Earth Household," which captures the spirit of living in harmony with the third stone from the sun. In a rap with Keith Lampe, who does the "Earth Readout" column to be found on page 18, he describes those of aged mentality as "retards" and stressed the need for us aware types to bring them along.

This is an important idea. Not that we're so smart, or something special and apart from the rest of our earth-brethren. Not that we're "superior" or "better" or even "hipper" than they. Not that so many of the big-time problems aren't imbedded in the fabric of the system(s) that govern America and the world. It's just that we've felt the Change a bit earlier, just that we've acted on it a bit sooner, and mainly that good vibes free from rigid interpretations of goodguys and badguys can sometimes bridge the gaps that keep us apart.

Some of this month's "retards" are:



Mayor Daley and the City Council (read it like the name of a rock group: they're very tight), who persist in allowing Con Edison and U.S. Steel to fill their pockets while we all fill our lungs with soot. This time it was a year's extension of the previous extension freeing these companies from installing adequate anti-sulphur devices. The ever-vigilant Sun-Times ran an editorial exploring the Mayor to take action. The vote for extension was near-unanimous.

Richard Nixon, who thinks he is a good enough magician to hypnotize everyone into believing that sending a few thousand GI's back from Nam is the same as ending the war... or celestial enough to bring dead Americans and South Vietnamese and NLF troops and civilians back to life... or smooth enough to erase the bitter chalk of war having become the all-American business where young men stand in for dollar signs.

Nelson Rockefeller, for having the nerve to pawn himself off as a friend of Latin America when his family keeps millions in poverty..... (See page 3)

Jackie Kennedy, for being a princess while the Empire crumbles and children starve.

The sudden, vocal members of "the silent middle class" who are foolish enough to play the Man's game and attack welfare people for the sins of those who shape the system and get to keep their wages.

.....(See page 17)

The wise men of McCormick Theological Seminary, who use the forces of technicality to slow their negotiations with the Poor People's Coalition while community people continue to be evicted and victimized.

The promoters of the Atlanta Pop Festival, who really expect people to believe that ...

150,000 x \$6.50 = "no profit"

...and that the majority of rock fans enjoy wallowing in garbage and urine ..... (See page 14)

The Minutemen, whose misdirected anti-Communism shames the senses and whose level of organization shames the Left. (Last-minute news — Minutemen Grand Clunk Robert Bolivar de Pugh was busted near Truth or Consequences, New Mexico after being on the lam for a year. The FBI, whose own truth quotient is open to question, reported that De Pugh had been plotting a series of bank robberies to finance "the last line of defense against Communism.")



The morality patrol of New York City, which suddenly decided that Pleasure, Kiss, Screw, and the New York Review of Sex were ... you guessed it, "obscene." Some of the sex in these publications may be the distorted prisoner of the morality that they ostensibly oppose, but banning is bullshit — as is the continued harassment of underground papers and their street-sellers throughout Chicago.

Those responsible for imprisoning most of the Central Committee of the Black Panther Party. Latest victim is Defense Minister Bobby Rush, sentenced to six months and fined \$500.00 for "carrying a concealed and loaded weapon into the Robbins po-lice station on April 2," (FRED). Rush is currently out on \$15,000 appeal bond.

Lest this cross-section see, awesome and insurmountable, a few words about some of the forces for good to come along in the last few weeks:

"Rising Up Angry" is Chicago's newest paper. It's a killer. Directed toward working-class kids, it is a tough, hard, organic representative of that community. Last year's pains-in-the-asses are this year's class brothers and dealing partners, so you should pick it up. Check "The Seed is Planted" on page 18 for where that can happen.

Phil Wexler stops in to find out who wants to employ him. Phil Wexler is the Seed's fifty-year-old, at-large reporter whose own brand of perception neatly captures the madness associated with such places as City Hall. Straight folk are so fast to talk about self-help that it's hard to believe someone can't give Phil a gig. Call Mike at 929-0133.

FRED, our news service, would like to give even better coverage to Chicago events than they do at present. They send word that...

FRED is a unique publication that can provide the reader with a week-to-week report on the state of the Movement in Chicago as well as a movement-eye view of the ongoing techniques and excesses of ruling class control. In addition to providing the reader with first-class mail delivery of his FRED, a subscription is a means of supporting the FRED operation. "FRED, like imperialism, must expand to survive." We need a steady flow of new subscriptions and renewals to supply our operating income. So do us both a favor and send in your sub today.

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Speaking of getting it together, it should be noted that the Young Lords are atoning for the community's having blown the People's Park by setting up a Day Care Center at the Armitage Avenue Methodist Church, 834 Armitage (near Halsted). Anyone who appreciates the risks that the Lords took when they occupied the church last month and wrested concessions from its ruling body might want to go down and aid in fixing up the place to conform with Health Department standards.

...and Mike Abrahams of here and Free City Music says that the new 2000 watt generator is available for a nominal sum to provide power to the people for any Movement situation. It's odd that the Free City bands seem to hate nice weather; — both Uncle Heavy and the Albert Joseph Band reneged on promises to play Lincoln Park July 13th. These bands better get it together, or word will spread that their pledge is worthless. Together bands who want to play in the park should call.. 929-0133.

...and Bastille Day brings word that 200 Southsiders have occupied an old convent on East 72nd street to prod the arch-diocese into creating a community center.

The United Front Against Facism Conference in Oakland hopefully will emerge with some kind of analysis of 'what is to be done.' Some Seedlings will attend, and next issue we hope to feature a long article on the conference and a comparison of Marxist and anarchist positions. All that can be said at this time is that rumors of an alliance of radical groups are false. The Panthers feel that they have shed too much blood to ally (rather than cooperate) with "rubber-band revolutionaries."

Due to various shenanigans and personal changes Mike is the current sacrifice on the altar labelled "editor." He would like to resurrect the idea of a high-school work-in at the Seed during the month of August. The goal is a city-wide high school paper. Write to HIGH SCHOOL, c/o the SEED. This time we mean it!

The best Movement news in a long time involved the reversal of Dr. Spock's conviction for "conspiring to counsel young men to avoid the draft." Spock has already stated his resolve to continue with anti-war work, and has announced his support of William Sloane Coffin and Mitchell Goodman (Mike Ferber was acquitted with Spock, while Coffin and Goodman had their previous bouts declared mistrials). And congratulations to the lovely suburban ladies who threw draft records all over New York's Rockefeller Center.

Finally, the old dope peddler stopped in with his fortnightly score-card. He was pretty stoned and his handwriting was hard to read, but we finally translated it as:

GRASS — Rumors abound of napalmed fields and hung farmers. Chicago Yesterday ran a page three piece on smuggling in its July 12th masterpiece (the Spock article was on page eight), but the underground Four-H Club is winning. There are a few pounds of truly exceptional tea to be had, but the bulk of good weed available in Chicago is Raw Umber, with lids costing \$20 and pounds down to \$100-120. We suggest that you taste any large purchases, as homegrown can be of erratic quality.

HASHISH — dark brown, \$7-8/gm, \$100/ounce. Quality is generally good.

PSYLOCYBIN — big yellow two-way tabs. Good at \$3.

ACID — Anything called "sunshine" should be tasted. Bitter means "suspect poison," sweet means "Yah-hoo." Most of the orange acid around is not "sunshine," but is pretty good and worth \$4. The white and aqua tabs are good at \$3.





# OLD BUSINESS

On his first album (aptly enough, on the Fantasy label), Lenny Bruce does a bit about a cunning Eisenhower sending a witless Nixon overseas. Bruce's Nixon complains that people had spit on him whenever he went in South America; Ike says that the trip is necessary to direct attention away from scandals within the Administration.

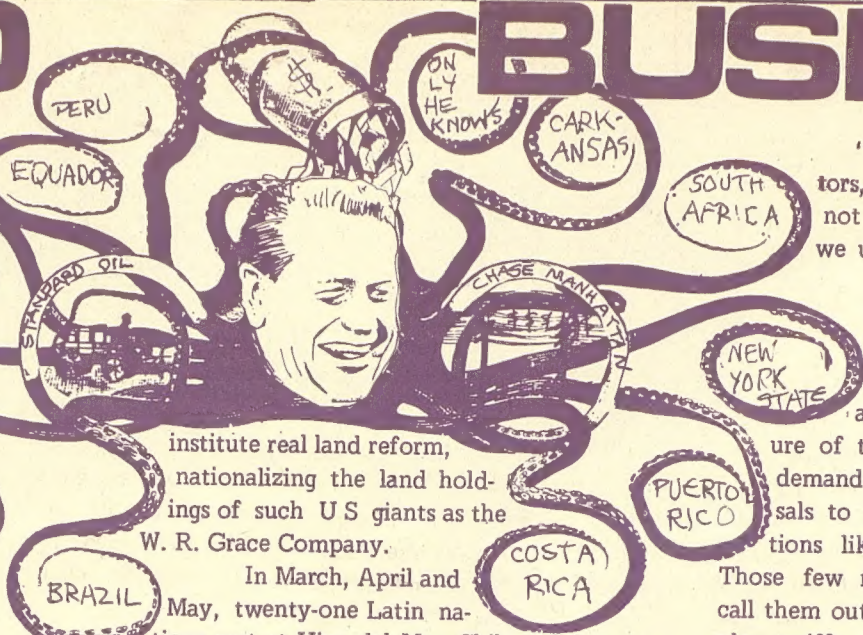
Thirteen years later, Nelson Rockefeller set off to bring a psychological bandaid to the governments of Latin America. Over a period of a month, he made no less than four trips to our southern neighbors. He managed to visit seven countries; intense demonstrations forced the cancellation of visits to three others.

"Why," one might ask, "did nearly every nation in Latin America rise up angry against a representative of their benefactor and protector, the United States?" A fair question — the mythology of the United States is that of co-operation with her weaker hemispheric sisters. The myth states that the US has protected them from "the enemy." The myth even has a political codification, which we call the Monroe Doctrine. In fact, the United States has been so anxious to save her partners that troops have been sent into half of them during the last hundred years. And then there's Cuba; every Right-thinking American knows that a saint like Batista was far more desirable than a "Commie" like Castro.

Read that last sentence again. Note the word "desirable." Now ask yourself "to whom." And therein

Intense poverty, high birthrates, underdevelopment, and ignorance have encouraged instability throughout the history of Latin America. Cliques organized around large economic interest have joined with the military to fill local power vacuums. These oligarchies control many of the Latin states, developing resources and industry that in all-too-few cases benefit the majority of the citizenry.

Some of the Latin regimes aren't as corrupt as others, and some have come to realize that the only way to stay in power is to generate more money for the people. The ruling elements have responded to nationalist yearnings and their own need to avoid overthrow by reviewing their policies toward outside "developers." Last fall, Peru expropriated the International Petroleum Company, made eyes at the Cerro Corporation (mining), and ordered Chase Manhattan to give up control of Banco Continental, the fourth largest bank in the country. Then Peru and Ecuador began to enforce a 200-mile offshore limit to protect the fishmeal industry that plays a major role in both economies. Finally, Peru moved to



institute real land reform, nationalizing the land holdings of such US giants as the W. R. Grace Company.

In March, April and May, twenty-one Latin nations met at Vina del Mar, Chile and drew up the CECLA Report, which was submitted to Nixon in June. Essentially, the Report says that the Latins are tired of playing a rigged game. It protests against investments tailored to the needs of foreign interest rather than local economies. It challenges the whole idea of conditional development and calls for its replacement by real inter-American co-operation.

Imagine that you are a Latin American businessman, a rare breed in view of US monopolization. Your government gets US aid. She calls upon you to advise her on what to buy and where to buy it. You shop around and decide that Japan or Sweden or — perish the thought — the Soviet Union offers the best deal. Your government accepts your suggestion. She prepares to make her purchases. Then the man at the American mission calls to remind the Minister of Economics that the "additionality" clause in the aid agreement requires that you buy from the United States. You check prices and find out that the US price is twenty to forty percent higher than the others. You learn that some of the items that you want are on the "negative list," and therefore cannot be purchased.

You are upset. You contact your government, and it is decided that you will go to the US on your own business. The phone rings again. You cannot go for forty-five days, and then only if something called a Small Business Administration gives its OK. You are told that half of whatever you purchase must be shipped back on US boats at a high rate. You are also advised that the Nixon Administration plans to institute a series of protective tariffs. You go for a drink, and overhear someone say that "US corporations took five times more money out of Latin America last year than they invested." You take a siesta and dream of guns.

"You call us quasi-Marxists, military dictators, Nasserites, and other names... But we are not those things. We are Peruvian Patriots and we understand the economic realities of life..."

Peruvian Colonel quoted in the New York Times of 6/28.

Those in control of American policy are at a loss. They have witnessed the failure of the Alliance for Progress to contain Latin demands. They read reports that tell of Latin refusals to participate any longer in one-way associations like the Organization of American States. Those few not part of powerful economic interests call them out for not protecting investments. They employ tariffs, and watch them do nothing but enrage the developing nations. They give aid in the face of Rightist pressure, only to see it disappear into a whirlpool of rising expectations. US involvement is so complex that the government could not employ the Hickenlooper Amendment and an arms embargo during the Peruvian crisis because US sugar and munitions interests in the area would have been crippled as badly as the local concerns. At a loss for ideas, the policy-makers sent an investigator to sniff the air.

If you perceive reality as a movie, then Nelson Rockefeller was the perfect guy for an exercise in the absurd. When Peru took the International Petroleum Company, they took a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New York — and guess who owns it? When Peru threatened the Cerro Corporation, they threatened a company which had been planning to merge with Standard Oil of Indiana — and guess who owns it? When they called upon Chase Manhattan to forfeit control of Banco Continental by January second of next year, they made a demand of a bank with 238 branches in Latin America — and guess who owns it? Through their network of foundations, trusts, and other financial mechanisms, the Rockefeller family heads many of the world's corporate giants, entities like — the various Standard Oils and Mobil Oil and Creole Oil and Cocony Oil and Metropolitan Life and Equitable Life and Eastern Air Lines and Consolidated Natural Gas and Union Tank Car and a host of others. David Rockefeller is the banker. John D. III heads the Rockefeller Foundation which has a "philanthropic interest" in Latin America not wholly independent of family interest. Laurance develops resorts and resources throughout the world. Winthrop owns a good-

CONT'D ON PAGE 15

## 'S BUSINESS

This is Volume 4, Number 2 of the Chicago SEED from Seed Publishin', 2628 North Halsted, Chicago, Illinois 60614. Since time is from beautiful day to beautiful day, and organized into sevens, place this issue three weeks from the last — two weeks plus five days of Media Conference.

Last week, July 3rd to 6th, at Ann Arbor, the Underground Press Syndicate and members thereof, gathered. Through the resources of Trans Love Energies, we met, slept, rapped, listened, and ate together under clear skies on open land where we were permitted to do our thing; our main purpose was to come away, returning to our papers with more than a renewed commitment to the press.

We discussed the structure of our news services, UPS (Underground Press Syndicate) and LNS (Liberation News Service), and how to improve them. Technical information was exchanged — printing hassles, production procedure, etc. Out present methods of distribution were examined and ideas presented to make papers available to more people. Purpose was discussed, both ideologically and practically.

At the present time there are many different newspapers publishing under the banner of "underground." Our thoughts of purpose brought the expression of many different ideas, always with an underlying motif of brotherhood. Discussion spawned commitment to action, and a Revolutionary Press Movement (RPM) is in the

making to bring us, as the Underground Press, together and closer to our brothers who are "Doing It" in different ways.

So, here we are again — one week late and three weeks older.

This issue is dedicated to Marshall and consist of minimal blood, much sweat, and my god! — you wouldn't believe the tears.

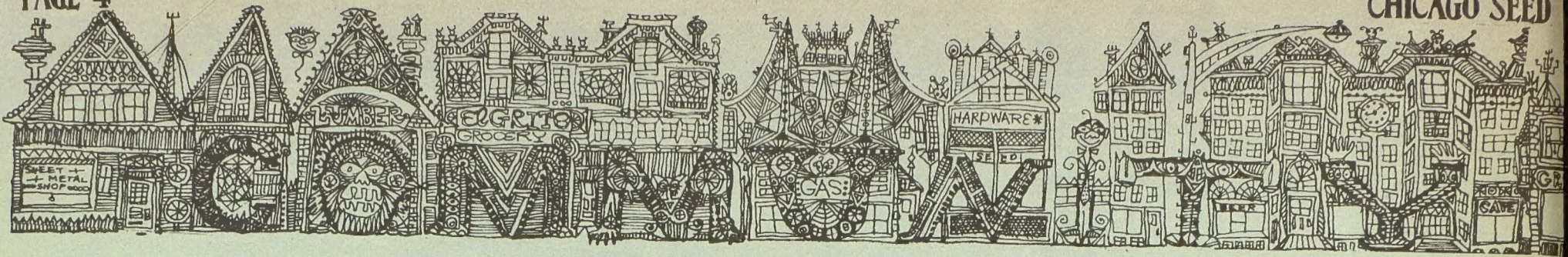
If you've noticed, the last four issues of this rag have been on time. So miraculous was this achievement, coupled with the forces of change acting on us, that a very, very heavy shade of doubt descended upon the Seed office; the paper died and was born again. Because we are involved in and concerned with communication, and know that we reach many who are alive and inquiring, purpose and what we are all about, as people and as a whole is a constant concern. The "forces of change" put us up against a wall and an examination of our responsibility and our honesty in meeting that responsibility ensued: we stopped and thought about what we were/are doing. We split apart and now have come back together.

Together includes Terry (whom we love), Michael (under the editorship gun), Lester (making-it all-around), Al (behind a gun [?]), Cynthia (keeper of good Karma), Abe (he pasted up three words this issue), Linda (lucious type who's a paradox), Linda from Devon (who is really Susan from Pine Grove), Lou (who will learn), Steve Er-

bach, Al Leiberman, Marshall (another seeker), Bernard (our pressman), Schanen (Keep It Together Man), Mike Gold (our conspirator), Val (keeper of the ego), George Metesky ("words" is dying), Mrs. Mayer (beautiful), Dr. Campbell (Raja and Ambar thank you), Linn Erlich, Eddie Balchowski, Theresa Podgorski, Marjorie Beukema, Barbara Rothkrug, Pat Crowley, Jack & Joe Burr, Keith Lampe, Bill McCaulley, TRIAD, FRED, LNS, Donovan and every one of the street sellers, Kelley and Steve. I am rick.

Seed	2628 N Halsted	929-0133
Kaleidoscope	1876 N Sheffield	472-7090
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
SDS	1608 W Madison	666-3874
Chicago Film Coop (Newsreel)	162 N Clinton	641-0932
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Rev. Auto Co-op	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
Sedgewick Mental Health Center	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th	842-0222
Grace Church (runaways)	555W Belden (Random Place)	Li9-1002
LSD Rescue	1918 N Mowhawk	664-1422
Auditorium Theater	6820 S Crandon	642-7937
Fred	70 E Congress	922-2110
Cadre	2744 N Lincoln	348-2246
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	519 W North	664-6895
Am Friends Serv	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
ACLU	407 S Dearborn	Ha7-2533
Law Stud Comm	6 S Clark	236-5564
	357 E Chicago	649-8462





# TAKIN' CARE OF

"Now, for every man of sound and honest mind it is clear that what is meted out today to the Revolutionary Organizations and workers' movements, will be done tomorrow to the liberal-democrats, student protestors and street people of all ethnic groups in the guise of law and order. In the struggle against the working class, the lumpen proletariat, the whole of mankind, those active in the labor movement cannot but address the question to all honest people considering themselves to be supporters of liberty, justice, and peace as to where they stand."

— Georgi Dimitroff

There is a widely-held theory that those of us who challenge the system have at best a few more years to propagate our ideals before the shit comes down on our collective heads. For the Black Panther Party, this statement describes a struggle that is already taking place. One is forced to agree with the Panthers that they are the vanguard of social revolution as well as black liberation in this nation, if for no other reason than the sixteen Panthers who have been killed by the American madness in 1969 alone. This American madness is not the wanton hacking away at the Party's membership, however, but the vicious attempts to discredit the Party and use the bourgeois press to write them off as "a bunch of fuzzy-wuzzies with spears in their hands."

It is not the wrath of an armed black army that incites such fears for the doomed capitalist system; it is rather the educational doctrine of "observation and participation" with which the Black Panthers intend to explode the myths and expose the system which has held the poor and oppressed in the bonds of abject servility. The power of this doctrine is summed up in this brief dialog, as related by Illinois Deputy Chairman Fred Hampton, between a cop and an old black woman seated in a chair outside of a place where the Panthers' Breakfast for Children was in progress.

Cop: Do you know what's going on in there?

Old Woman: Sure I do. They're feeding my children.

Cop: Do you have to pay for it?

Old Woman: No

Cop: Don't you understand that that's socialism and that socialism leads to communism. It's unamerican.

Old Woman: Socialism? Communism? No. Don't know much about it. I do know one thing though.

Cop: What's that?

Old Woman: If you go in there and try and stop it I'm going to get off my chair here and rap you upside the head.

The Black Panther Party has merely undertaken projects and actions that the people themselves have wanted to do for hundreds of years, but the people have not known how to arrange them or have been afraid to initiate them. The people have long understood that government pacification programs were not seriously intended to end their misery, and soon, rid of their dependence on the oppressive state, they will rise up against it.

The early history of the Illinois chapter of the Black Panther Party was not marked by any significant repression. It was not until the Party initiated the Breakfast For Children program, supplemented by ream after ream of propaganda, that the power structure and the liberals got unnerved. At a time when the number of children the BPP was feeding weekly in Chicago neared 4000, and national circulation of the Party's newspaper began to skyrocket (it presently circulates about 90,000 copies per issue), the Party's leadership retreated for a

period of introspection and reevaluation of policy. Whereas previously the Party has been defined as a black power groups, geographically effective only within the black belt, the recluse leadership soon surfaced in solidarity with innumerable racially diverse organizations.

While the San Francisco Red Guard (a revolutionary oriental group) was attending Panther political orien-

tation classes in Marx and Mao, the Illinois Party was offering organizational assistance to their class brothers in Chicago's Uptown and Latin near-north-side. With their new coalitions with the Young Lords Organization and the Young Patriots Organization in Chicago and their rapport with SDS, the Panthers posed the threat of oppressed peoples firm in their resolve to eliminate the oppressor.

The authorities were likewise firm in their determination to maintain their control of the underclass. Having become decidedly more apprehensive of this revolutionary union of the poor, the FBI, the Justice Department, and local "intelligence" agencies intensified their investigation into and surveillance of the Panthers and their coalition brothers across the country. Panthers were framed and busted with frightening regularity.

Soon after repression classes had closed down in Lincoln Park last August, Panther Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver was forced into exile. By this May we were fully aware that Huey 'weren't gonna get freed' by shouting "Free Huey" at the front doors of the nation's federal buildings.

In Chicago, Deputy Chairman Fred Hampton was locked up for two to five years for allowing some kids to steal \$71 worth of ice cream during the Maywood riots. The judge and jury, given a chance to choose between evidence in defense of Fred and that of the ice cream man (who testified in a U.S. army uniform), chose that of the latter. "I'm a big Mutha", said Fred, "but I sure as hell can't eat no 400 ice cream bars." A big mutha indeed, the twenty-year-old Deputy Chairman, a veteran organizer in Chicago's western suburbs before forming the Illinois chapter in June of '68, is currently confined in Menard prison, a loony bin where his organizing potential is at it's lowest and the odds that a lunatic might shove a knife between his shoulder blades is at it's zenith.

That "the panthers of wrath", as William Blake once wrote, "are wiser than the horses of instruction" goes without saying, but those tired old horses will continue to fight all the way to the glue factory.

With Fred gone, Deputy Minister of Defense Bobby

Really groovy scented body oils  
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# BUSINESS

Rush is Commanding Officer of the Illinois chapter, and also the next in line to be snuffed. Some time before Fred's sentencing, Bobby was convicted of possessing a weapon which, in fact, he did not have in his possession. This occurred in Champaign-Urbana where eleven Panthers were attacked by 30 "drunk, white racist night-riders" in their hotel rooms and subsequently charged with defrauding an innkeeper. The judge gave Bobby six months at the Vandalia State Penal Farm and a \$250 fine. Soon after this, Bobby again was found guilty for unlawful use of a weapon (UUW), this time in west suburban Harvey. Reports of Panthers being involved in shootings in Robbins brought Bobby into the middle of action to investigate the rumors. His car was stopped by armed black banditos and his watch and money taken. Shots fired from a rooftop forced both Bobby and his assailants to flee in different directions, leaving his car where it was stopped. When Bobby walked into the cop station to file a complaint and call headquarters, he was placed under arrest and charged with carrying a gun. He really didn't wear a piece into the station but the jury, after "deliberating" for a hour and a half, found him guilty. Sentenced to a second six months in Vandalia and a \$500 fine, Minister Bobby still walks the streets on \$10,000 bond.

Two-thirds of the central Party staff, including Chairman Fred, are among the sixteen Illinois Panthers indicted by the Cook County Grand Jury on charges of conspiracy, kidnapping, and beating and torturing a suburban couple in April. The charge of aggravated kidnapping carries a maximum sentence of death.

These indictments came about one week after the FBI and Chicago police vamped on the Panthers' Chicago offices, stealing \$300 in breakfast program cash, the mimeograph machine, propaganda, and typewriters, and leaving a trail of debris in their wake. The attack on the Panther office was not an isolated "criminal" case. It was part of a nationwide attempt to discredit and destroy the Black Panther Party. In the weeks before the bust came down, the public was greeted with daily headlines condemning gang terrorism, violence, and homicide. Illegal gang activity, which has been pretty well wiped

out in most other cities, and which has been decreasing in Chicago, suddenly became a cause celebre. Every stray crime that occurred in the ghetto was labelled "gang warfare", and as much as possible was attributed to the actions of the Black Panthers. (Whereas the Panthers were actually working to unify the gangs in an offensive against the power structure).

The press brainwashing complete, the authorities instituted phase two of their master plan. Mayor Daley and States' Attorney Hanrahan announced that a special County Grand Jury would be used the following month to "smash the youth gang structure" in the Chicago area. The sixteen indictments were handed down 24 hours later. Hanrahan subsequently stated that the indictments were not part of an effort to cripple the Black Panther Party. "The action", he said, "was not an indictment of the Panthers but only of certain Party members". Meanwhile, within a period of one week, Panther offices in Chicago, Denver, and Salt Lake City fell victim to raids that of course were not designed "to cripple the Party". Detroit and Milwaukee were hit soon after, as was New York, where 21 Panthers allegedly conspired to blow up such citadels of capitalism as the Botanical Gardens. Conspiracy? Yes. As White Panther Minister of Information John Sinclair puts it, "We're conspiring to get together; that is to say, conspiring to conspire".

Although the Panthers remain the system's primary target, anyone who is engaged in bringing power to the people is equally likely to wake up one morning looking down the barrel of a twelve-gauge. In Chicago, for instance, the Young Patriots and Young Lords have become the constant victims of police harassment. The Young Lords have lost one brother, twenty-year-old Manuel Ramos, to the gun of an off-duty pig. Their Chairman, Cha-Cha Jimenez, has a list of charges against him as long as both your arms.

The Lords never received this kind of attention back when they were fighting other street gangs, but now that their energy is directed towards the liberation of the poor and the oppressed, all the brutal forces of the Man are brought to bear. After the death of brother Ramos the Lords and the Patriots organized a massive

march on the 18th district police station, demanding that the killer cop be charged with murder. They then, along with their class brothers in the Patriots, seized and occupied the Stone Administration building at McCormick Theological Seminary, demanding that the Seminary, use its wealth to help meet the needs of the community in which it is located (the near north side) and that it take a firm stand against urban renewal, which drives poor people out of their homes and replaces them with middle-class residents. Their demands were met and the Lords went on to occupy a local church until that institution agreed to let unused basement space become a day-care center. Since these events, the YPO office has been shot at and the harassment and arrest of YPO and YLO members has become a day-to-day occurrence. As recently as July 10 Cha-Cha Jimenez was arrested for burglary at a construction site. He was returning from taking his wife to the hospital and had none of the lumber he is alleged to have stolen.

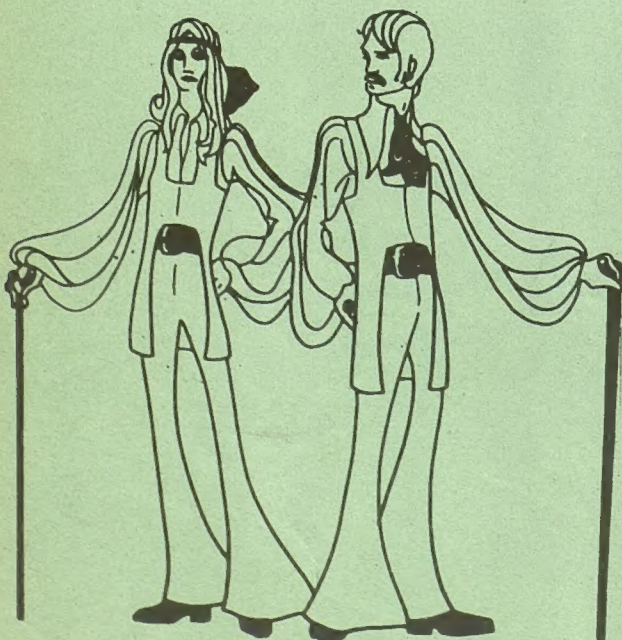
The repression which has descended lights upon liberals as well as revolutionaries, and affects all of us either directly or indirectly. To break the bonds of the growing fascist vise we must form a united front that will entitle every man to his place in the sun. To this end the Black Panthers have called a United Front Against Fascism in Oakland July 18-21. At this conference revolutionaries of all ideologies and non-revolutionaries determined to fight repression will work out a program that may well have the road and set the guidelines for social revolution in this country.

"God gave Moses the rainbow sign; no more water, the fire next time".

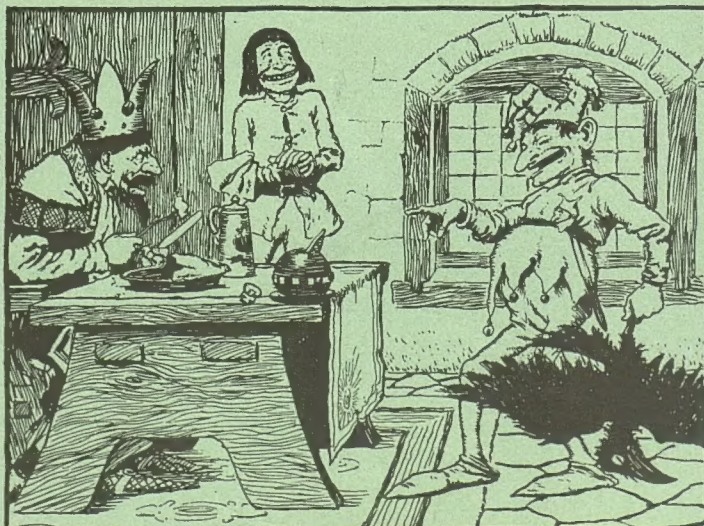
Al Rosenfeld

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## BERKELEY OPENS PEOPLE'S PAD

Berkeley's political and cultural revolutionaries are now working on "People's Pad," a youth hostel to house and educate the thousands of young people expected to visit San Francisco-Berkeley this summer. The pad, an abandoned housing project, has been cleaned up by community people, medical-aid and child-care centers are beginning operations, and a variety of classes will soon be under way. The "Pad" is located on the edge of Berkeley's black community and Pad organizers are working with the black community to gather support for the pad and set up co-operative programs to gather support for the Pad and set up co-operative programs (such as a Black Panther liberation school at the Pad.

for those who ask, "WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?"

FRED - The Uptown People's Coalition, which represents community organizations of all races and national groups, has presented its plan for what it wants the Uptown community to look like. The plan, called The Village, will be a community of low-income housing created and owned by the residents of Uptown. The Village is planned to lie between Montrose, Clark and Wilson streets and the L tracks parallel to Broadway. The layout is designed so that no cars are needed in the community. All streets will be dead-ended and all facilities will be easily reached on foot. The village will have medical and recreational facilities, hotel and town hall, and co-operatively owned grocery, laundry, furniture exchange, pharmacy, and credit union.

The major problem with achieving the Village is that middle-class residents, the city, and the federal government have their own ideas as to what the Uptown area should look like. The \$38 million model cities program was okay'd by the federal government last week, and the Uptown area is one of the locales to be "modeled." Current city plans would displace all residents and build a junior college on the Village site. The city has also reduced the community's control over the neighborhood planning council and given Mayor Daley the power to appoint more people to the council.

## LATIN EAGLES WORKING FOR WELFARE RIGHTS

Like the Wicker Park Welfare office, the Welfare Dept's office at 4238 N. Lincoln is a den of discrimination, where Latinos are mistreated and where many welfare recipients do not receive all they are entitled to. To combat this, the Latin Eagles Organization has begun a free food service there every Wednesday at noon. The Eagles feed the people and discuss their problems with them. They intend to continue this program until the Welfare people shape up.



## ROBBER BARONS STRIKE AGAIN

FRED- Once again big business has stolen public property at less than its true value. Frontier Street, just off the Outer Drive at Irving Park, is valued at \$233,000 by the Mayor's appraisal committee. The City Council, however, sold the property to Mid-Continental Realty Co. for \$175,000. The property will be used to construct high-rises for the rich. (Why do people want a revolution, anyhow?)

## NEANDERTHALS PASS ANTI-PROTEST LAW

FRED- The idiots in the Illinois State Senate have passed and sent to Governor Olgiev a bill that would make campus sit-ins a punishable offense. The bill, approved 40-1, sets a maximum \$300 fine and 30 days in jail for the first offense, with a possible maximum of \$500 and 120 days if they are caught again. Another measure, passed by the House, would authorize state scholarship revocation for campus "rioters", and a third would make interfering with any public college or university illegal. Besides the fact that these bills will radicalize many moderate students (after all, a sit-in is a pretty moderate protest these days), it ignores the question of who do the schools belong to - Trustees or the students and faculty who use them. Read Paul Goodman's The Community Of Scholars.

## EVEN WITHOUT PAY

FRED- It has long been common practice for Chicago hospitals to turn away patients, including emergency cases, who were unable to pay the exorbitant fees demanded by the hospitals' board of directors. The State Legislature has taken a step to remedy the situation by passing a bill requiring hospitals to accept emergency patients even if the patient can't pay.

## FEDS DROP PANTHER CHARGES

FRED- Remember the big raid on Black Panther Headquarters June 3, when the 8 Panthers were arrested for hiding a fugitive. Well, there never was no fugitive, and the charges have been dropped. The destruction of the Panther office and the looting of medical clinic money by federals is the legacy that remains.

## GET IT TOGETHER AND THE MAN COMES DOWN

FRED- The Young Patriots of Lincoln Park, founded only a couple of months ago, have been quietly getting their act together. They have, for example, pressured Steiner's Furniture into promising not to cheat customers with confusing contracts anymore. Of course, once you start doing things for the people, the porks keep an eye on you. On June 29 a member of the Patriots was busted walking down Lincoln Avenue, her papers were stolen, and she was charged with drunkenness but never given a breath test. A few days later her apartment was broken into and searched. Hassle, harass, harassment.

## RHODESIA REAFFIRMS RACISM

The white voters of Rhodesia have passed a referendum providing for a new Constitution which will guarantee white rule in that nation forever - or until it is overthrown. The old constitution made voting a privilege accorded by standards of education, income, and property ownership, and function to keep the blacks down. Gradually the 5 million native blacks were rising, and by 1980 they would have the resources to control Parliament. Under the new Constitution, the 228,000 whites elect 50 members of Parliament, and the blacks will be allowed 16, which can rise to 50 if black income rises enough. This makes all of Southern Africa (with the exception of hemmed-in Botswana) - land ruled by racist white minorities that are heavily supported by United States investments.

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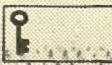
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## ACID FACT SHEET

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## LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE (LSD-25)

## A Technical Fact Sheet . . .

to dispel certain myths and rumors  
and replace them with new ones . . .

## Why is it called LSD? Why not LAD for the initials?

LSD was synthesized in 1938 at Sandoz Labs, Switzerland, by Stoll & Hoffman. Its effects weren't discovered till 1943 when Hoffman didn't wash his hands before lunch. They named it *lyserg saure diethylamid* — German for "evil destroyer of our nation's youth."

## In what pharmacological category is LSD?

It's called psychotogenic, psychotomimetic, hallucinogenic, or psychedelic, depending on the attitude of the writer.

## To what other drugs is LSD related?

LSD is an *indolealkylamine* like DMT, Psilocin and Ibogaine. These all have chemical structures built around serotonin, a substance always present in your brain.

Editorial rap: An imbalance of serotonin — such as is found in the brains of schizophrenics — can cause hallucinations. You can even turn on from shooting up blood plasma from a schizo (are things beginning to hang together?). This is why some shrinks call acidheads psychotic. What if they're right? Is a psychotic state always bad? Maybe enlightenment is a well-managed psychosis and the hysterical kid with the messed-up head has a mis-managed psychosis.

## What is its physical form?

LSD is a crystalline white powder freely soluble in chloroform and less soluble in water. It can be packaged in anything — sugar cube, capsule, aspirin, Coke, cookie, fingernail dirt, postage stamp glue.

## How is it administered?

Usually orally. It can be shot up but the effect's the same, and orally is cleaner. Note — you can't psychodelicize Chicago by doping the water supply. LSD breaks down in a few hours in water — faster in chlorinated water.

## What's the usual dosage?

According to folklore, 100 to 250 micrograms — less than a speck of dust. But *no one really knows*. Acid is one of the most *dose independent* drugs known. You can't always vary effects by varying dosage — 25 mikes might hit you like 1000 hits your friend. But no one's ever died of an overdose. In fact the big hassel is finding stuff good enough to get you off. Most street acid contains only a fraction of the amount necessary for a real trip. Also it may contain adulterants like amphetamine or even strichnine.

## Why are the dosage rules different for LSD?

For a little headache, you take an aspirin. For a big headache, you take two aspirin, because it acts direct-

ly on your body while it's in your body. But LSD is a "catalyst" acting indirectly to trigger a chemical reaction that doesn't include the acid itself. All the stuff is in you already — the LSD just gives it a push and is out of your body before you start tripping out. It's only one of several triggers. You can do it with fasting and praying, with strobes, with a good orgasm.

## How long is the trip?

Usually 8 to 14 hours. For some people a bad trip (psychotic episode?) can last days or years. You can also have recurrences — triplets or full trips that happen days, weeks or months after you've dropped. This can be a groove or a freakout depending how you take it. If you're afraid of losing your mind, you will. Superlong trips and recurrences are rare, but they *do* happen. One fact emerging from psychiatric research is that if you try to avoid the worst of your trip visions, they're more likely to keep bugging you as recurrences until you've had it out with them. If you try to live by the straight ideal of mental health — keeping the mental niggers in their place — it'll be hard to do so once you've dropped. Your chance of freaking out is highest if your head is messed in the first place, almost nil if you start out healthy, together and honest.

## What are the possible bad side effects?

Several possibilities are listed by the NIMH:

**Panic.** We already talked about freaking out.

**Paranoia.** You get super-suspicious of people, think they're trying to control your mind, etc. This may or may not be a bad effect. You could be right.

**Recurrences.** We played with this one already.

**Accidental death.** Rare, but it has happened. It's a good idea to have a guide, preferably not tripping. But don't get one so straight he'll freak out watching you freak.

**Loss of ability to think rationally, concentrate, etc.** Lot's of straights can't do this. Many would rather 'free associate.' Logic can be a help or a hindrance. How do you want to run your life?

**Birth defects.** The issue of LSD and chromosome damage is a huge hoax. Conceived in vindictiveness and nurtured in fear, the speculation that LSD may cause genetic mutation was magically transformed into a conviction. How? The first experiment — of highly questionable validity — was motivated "to show LSD isn't as innocuous as some people think," which should've disqualified the research right there. (*Science*, Vol. 155, p. 1417) The paper was used to launch a well-plotted and monstrously distorted publicity campaign (Example: *McCall's* placed a full-page ad in the *N.Y. Times* with a picture of a malformed child captioned "This is an LSD baby" although the text stated that there are no known cases of birth defects due to LSD.) *Time* (Aug. 11, 1967) was forced to admit the charge was trumped

up. Some studies indicate birth defects in rats, but rats are not human. Thalidomide doesn't bother a rat fetus — aspirin will cause miscarriage. Drop this on people who bad-rap acid: many times more chicks are taking acid than ever took thalidomide. Some are certain to be pregnant. If acid acted like thalidomide hospitals would be filled with monster babies. Where are they? At this writing there is much more evidence that caffiene (in coffee) and calcium cyclamate (in Sucaryl and Diet-Rite) cause chromosome damage, but you won't hear about this — commercial interests are too strong. If you're worried, don't drop during the 1st 3 months of pregnancy.

## What are the possible good side effects?

WOW.....!

## How does LSD achieve its effects?

There are many theories about this, most agreeing that it's a catalyst (see previous) but no one really knows. This is another reason doctors don't want you taking it and another example of doublethink. We used electricity for years without understanding it. We still don't know how aspirin works, though we know it causes nausea, gastric ulcers and death. About 40% of deaths from internal medicine poisoning are due to aspirin. No one, though, has advocated imprisonment for possession.

## How can a bad trip be stopped?

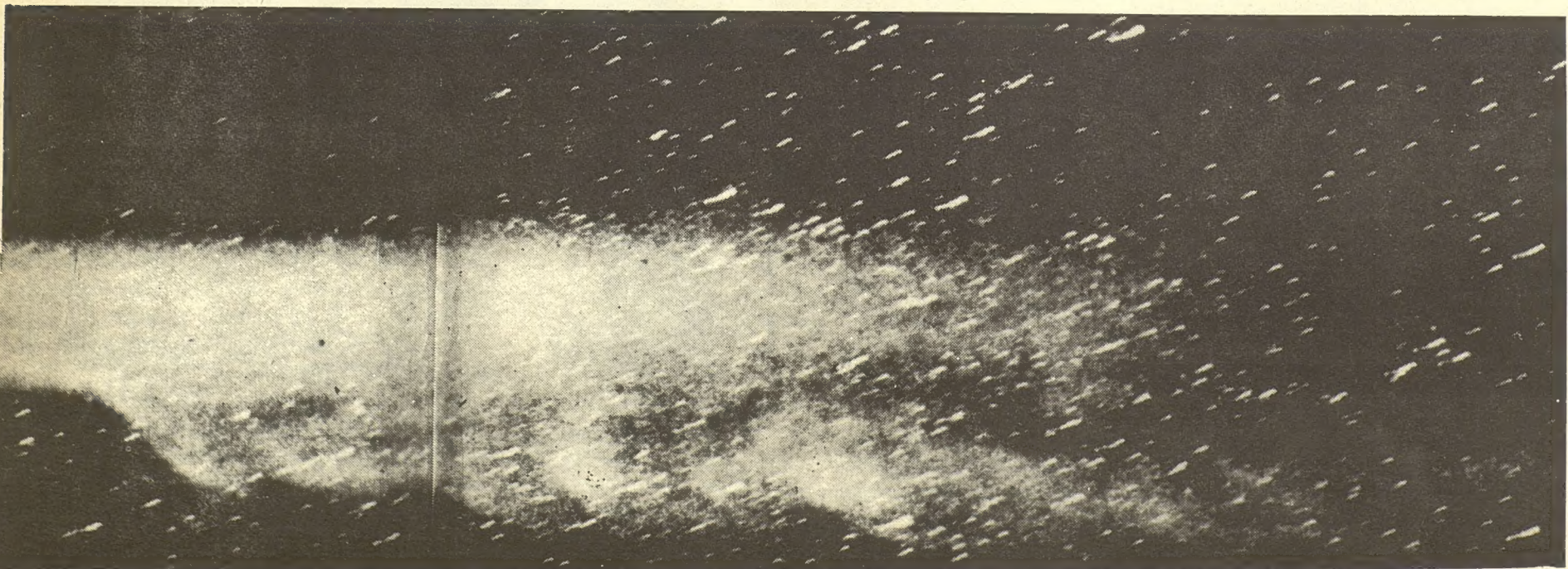
While there is no antidote for aspirin poisoning, there are lots of ways to stop an acid trip. Niacinamide (a B-vitamin) is probably best and should be given by injection if possible. **Note:** orange juice would do, too, if you could swallow enough. Tranquilizers will bring you down but hard. *They are best used only when all else fails.* Thorazine (chlorpromazine) is a particularly rough downer — Librium's probably better. Shrinks tend to use tranquilizers when they panic at the sight of a kid freaking out, but the shock of coming down fast may be worse than the shock of expanded consciousness. Experience has shown that a good guide can 'talk' you off a bad trip with much better results. The presence of a trusted friend may help a lot. You don't have to be a shrink to be a good guide.

## Can LSD cause physical dependence?

NO! If you drop too often it loses its effect. Most heavy heads say don't drop more than once every 2 or 3 months so you'll have time to work with what you've learned.

## What about psychological dependence?

Acid's not a comfortable escape from "reality." It makes you face things you've tried to forget. Alcohol & heroin are much better if you're into that. Nobody gets hung up on acid who wouldn't have gotten hung on something else anyway. Many who drop acid develop a set of values and goals which IBM would call unrealistic. Heads might have things to say about the values & goals of IBM executives...let's live & let live...





# the electric theatre co. presents aaron russo's

Drive up Clark past Lawrence, and you pass this big blue building. There's cars everywhere cluttering up the street, letting people out and looking for parking spaces, and there's this long line of people stretching down the block, waiting to reach the ticket booth and give the girl five dollars so they can get in. A multitude of freaks gathers in front of the door. Panhandling to get their five, or trying to figure out how they can get in for nothing. Surfer guards the front door, and the strobe light in the entrance blinks hello, and everywhere a crush of adolescents. More than a thousand people, more like two thousand, just so many people, come to spend an evening at the Electric Kinetic Playground. The Kinetic Playground (which was called the Electric Theatre until the owners of the Electric Circus in New York sued for name-stealing) is the rock palace in Chicago. The Aragon has groups, and so do the Rush Street bars and the suburban teeny-clubs, but they're definitely second-rate. The Theatre books the top groups, charges the top prices, and commands the top status. When the Theatre finally booked the Flock (a local rock group), the Flock members were ecstatic. Playing the Electric Theatre — they had realized their highest ambition. With rock music touted everywhere as the major expression of "youth culture," it seems worthwhile to take a look at the Electric Kinetic, Chicago's "youth culture" mosque.

Aaron Russo, who owns and runs the Electric Theatre, came to Chicago in 1967 to open up his rock house. He brought with him his experience at the Electric Circus (one of the pioneer multi-media places), a few associates, and capital to set up the Theatre. Once they located a suitable building (4812 North Clark Street), they recruited more workers from the Hip Job Co-Op and elsewhere in Chicago. Now, in order to understand the Electric Theatre, one must first have some idea of what motivates Aaron Russo. Basically, Russo is a businessman and a salesman. A good businessman and a dynamite salesman, but with the value-systems and orientation of a man who is out to make money. Eager to instill high morale amongst his employees, Russo told them that the Theatre would be an experimental multi-media showcase and that it would be run as a family. The chances are that Russo believed this himself at the time, for Aaron is not a liar. At any rate, these ideas brought a number of creative people into the enterprise and encouraged everyone to work doubly hard even though there was little money to pay them at the time.

Preparations proceeded quickly throughout the winter. An extremely advanced lightshow and 360-degree film apparatus was installed, and the technical crews eagerly anticipated the opening of the Theatre. Management had also promised them a dance troupe, an opera company, and a computer to co-ordinate the light and film equipment. Meanwhile, the people working on the construction of the Theatre were also getting it together. A true family spirit prevailed. People believed what they had been told, that the "family" of co-workers would make decisions co-operatively, and this helped keep morale up. People worked long hours, some even slept in the Theatre, and everyone felt involved and productive. All this time everyone was living on subsistence salaries, as all the available capital was going into construction and equipment. Russo promised that when the Theatre opened and started making money, they would all receive back pay for the time they had worked there. That was cool with most everyone, for they were involved in a communal project that superseded monetary considerations for the moment.

Early in April 1968, the Electric Theatre opened its doors for the first time. Opening nights being what they are, a lot of things didn't work right, and the daily paper reviewers put the Theatre down. Then Martin Luther King was shot, and nobody went out on weekends for a while. Losing money every weekend, Russo and his associates changed the format. Instead of experimentation and multi-media, the Theatre became a concert hall. They booked "heavy" (i.e., popular) groups, cut down on the lightshow, and the teenyboppers started coming in. While these changes were going on (during May and June, 1968), dissatisfaction among the employees began to grow. Take the matter of the format change. At no time was a general staff meeting held to discuss, decide on, or even explain the new policies. The orders just came down from the top. When one of the technical people (who had left a high-paying computer job because he wanted to work in multi-media) talked to Russo about this, Russo said that he didn't think multi-media would sell. If Russo would rather make easy money than try experimental, creative work, well, it may be a bummer, but it's his trip. But what happened to the "family" concept? Why weren't the employees consulted?

Then there was the matter of money. By May, about 1200 people a night were coming to the Theatre, but employees were still living on subsistence salaries. When someone would ask about getting their full pay, or their back salary, they would be met with evasive raps that "there's no money," or a few dollars for rent if they were really uptight. Now there is no question that the Theatre had a lot of expenses. At that time, most of the initial capital was probably gone, they had to pay utility bills, they probably had to pay off various city inspectors to keep from being shut down, their groups were expensive (the Jefferson Airplane, for example, cost \$10,000), and they weren't making the kind of money they are today. But no one ever explained the financial setup of the Theatre. Aaron Russo wasn't around too much, and when he was most of the people couldn't get along with him. Whenever someone would ask for something — costumes to do a play on the floor, say, or back pay — they would hear double talk instead of straightforward explanations. People suspected that Russo was getting rich off their sweat.

It got to be a drag to work at the Theatre. The creative people were straitjacketed, the maintenance workers were constantly hassled by their superiors, it became apparent that "the family" would have little to do with running the Theatre, and nobody saw any of their back pay. People began to quit, and then, in July, the sores broke open. Coun-

try Joe and the Fish were on stage, doing their set, while in a corner Monk Sutton, theater manager, was having a confrontation with Russo. Monk demanded his back pay, and Russo's reply didn't satisfy him. From here on the story gets kind of confused (a nice way of saying that I don't know who started it), so suffice it to say that a brief scuffle ensued, after which Monk jumped on the stage, grabbed the microphone away from Country Joe, and launched into a screaming tirade putting down Russo and the Electric Theatre.

The next night, the employees held a meeting, formulated a list of demands, and planned to walk out in the midst of operation the following weekend. The walkout never came off, however, and the simmering resentment turned into dejection and apathy. People quit in droves, still without their back pay. At this writing (July, 1969) it appears that everyone has received their back salaries, although some former employees maintain that they haven't gotten as much as was coming to them. The way the affair was handled, however, does not speak well of the Theater's internal dynamics. Working at the Theatre today is just a job, and a bad one at that. The vibes between co-workers there are simply atrocious. Employees are always yelling at each other or being yelled at by their "bosses." The crowded atmosphere doesn't help, all the non-management employees I know think it's a shitty job, and people quit all the time. Well, Aaron Russo decided to run a business rather than share in a family, and like the prototypical businessman, Russo has a bunch of disgruntled employees on his hands.

The Theatre has also had its share of troubles relating to the rest of the hip community in Chicago. The most significant instance of this kind of trouble came with the advent of Free City Survival Committee (FCSC). FCSC was founded in early 1968 as a Chicago base for Yippie! operations. When the Free City Survival people approached Russo about helping out, they found him eager. So a benefit concert was held at the Theatre. The benefit was busted for "fire violations." After the bust, when FCSC tried to collect the concert profits from Russo, they were told that the profits went to repair equipment damaged by the po-lice during the bust. Now the only damage many of the FCSC people knew of was to Canned Heat's amplifiers, a matter of about \$50, so people accused Russo of ripping them off. Charges and counter-charges filled the air for some time. Eventually, Free City Survival got some money — but not enough, they claimed. In retrospect, it seems that Russo played fair with FCSC. A lot of expensive equipment was damaged and had to be replaced. Someone (who will remain unnamed) negotiated a deal with Russo for FCSC when this person had no authority at all to speak for Free City Survival. Neither FCSC nor Russo kept their cool, and a lot of slander went down on both sides. Once again, however, the financial workings of the Theatre were shrouded in unnecessary mystery.

This spring, the Theatre has increased its community involvement. Many managers of local bands used to complain that Russo wouldn't bill hometown groups. This criticism was undercut when the Theatre inaugurated dollar nights. Every Tuesday, admission is one dollar, and entertainment is provided by local groups, some of which are damn good. Also, Russo has said that he will release the weekend groups from their exclusivity contracts (which provide that the groups will play only at the Theatre on a given weekend) if the groups want to play free gigs in Lincoln Park. Relations with the community definitely seem to be getting better.



This is a cartoon by Ron Cobb. It is worth 1000 words. It is the work of a creative-genius-freak-people's artist. The Sun-Times has been having a hard time getting permission to run Ron's work. Watch this space every issue.



# KINETIC PLAYGROUND

But another question that comes up when discussing the Electric Theatre is whether or not the customers are being cheated. Admission to the Theatre is five dollars, at least a dollar higher than at comparable rock places on the East and West coasts. The original official explanation for this extra dollar was that the Theatre has to pay groups more to get them to come to Chicago. "Sure it's cheaper in L.A.," Theatre management people say to me, "that's where the groups are." To bring them all the way to the drab Midwest allegedly costs more. That's bullshit. Everyone I asked, including knowledgeable booking people in the music business, told me that that's just a line to excuse Russo's lining his pockets. The groups that play the Theatre are on national tours, criss-crossing America, playing Detroit one week, Chicago the next, and Philadelphia the week after. Their price is the same for all the halls on their tour. It's the same trip with overhead expenses. The Fillmores and Detroit's Grande and Philly's Electric Factory all spend thousands setting up for the weekends.

Even though the price is unnecessarily inflated, I don't think most of the Theatre's patrons feel they are getting cheated. After all, they know what they're paying for. To explain this, let me describe the three types of people who go to the Electric Theatre. The first type, the most numerous, goes for a concert. These people arrive, seat themselves on the floor, and hear five, six, or seven hours of heavy music. After all, what is the "fair price" for seven hours of Sir Douglas Quintet, Buddy Miles, and the Grateful Dead? — all fine groups. Maybe these people are paying more than they have to, but they hear and they're satisfied. The second category of Theatre-goers is composed of all those people sitting around in the lounges or the back of the room, looking lonely, depressed, and bored. Some of them are stoned out of their minds. Others are lonely, depressed, and bored. God knows why they waste their money when they could be just as unhappy at home. If I was into a bumner one night, I wouldn't go out spending money on it. But after the first time, I guess they know what they're doing. Thirdly, there are those for whom the Theatre is a hangout, just as the corner drugstore or Alice's Restaurant may be your hangout. These people come there to see their friends in a non-hostile atmosphere. Five dollars may be a bit steep for admission to a clubhouse, but they can afford it.

The food prices, by the way, are outrageous (\$1.00 for a skimpy ham & cheese sandwich, for example), and everyone knows it. According to the Theatre's management, nothing can be done about this until the concessionaire's contract runs out next April. It is unlikely that the same concessionaire will get the contract again unless he substantially changes the quality and pricing of his fare.

Besides the ticket price, the major "cheating" in the Electric Theatre is that the original conception has been lost. The idea of a family of artists experimenting in multi-media, theatre, and music, has given way to a concert hall. And it isn't even a good concert hall. There are no seats up front except on the hard floor, and the acoustics are poor. The oval shape and hard materials of the walls create an echo that becomes virtually unbearable at certain points in the room. But a concert-hall it stays, because a concert hall makes money. (So much money, in fact, that Bill Graham, who runs the Fillmore houses, may open a Fillmore Central concert hall in Chicago next year.)

Peter Leblanc, technical director of the Theatre, says that he is willing to let creative groups use the Theatre on week nights but that there are really very few creative multi-media people in Chicago. More likely, those that do exist have heard how the Theatre cut off experimentation in its own operations and assume that they're not interested, or else have heard the many downraps about Aaron Russo and are afraid of being burned if they deal with the Theatre. Leblanc, like Russo, doesn't think that multi-media sells. So the lightshow equipment — technically among the most advanced anywhere — is used minimally. Only one 360 degree film has been made. Experimentation is rare. And the concerts go on. As a business, the Electric Theatre makes money — lots of money. As a place for creativity, or growth... forget it. The Theatre is total passivity. Whether you're listening to the music (hardly anyone dances), or staring at a wall, or looking (rarely talking) at a friend or acquaintance, you're basically an unbeing. You don't express, you don't move, you just sit and absorb what's fed you.

Dick Rudolph, manager of the Theatre, really wants people to feel comfortable there. When I mentioned that I'd heard that no major improvements had been made lately he told me of the two air-conditioners just installed. He went on to explain that he really wants the Theatre to be run for its patrons, and complained about the petty theft and vandalism that goes on there. Yes, it would be nice if people felt more friendly toward the Theatre, but it's not really possible. The concert hall atmosphere, the impersonality of the place, and the admission price alienate too many people.

All in all, it's kind of draggy, especially when you think of what could be done. If the lightshow and film equipment were put to full use; if theatre groups practiced and performed there; if bands were jamming and playing; encounter groups interacting in the lounge; if there were good food... it could become a continuous be-in, a place for life and changes and growth. It could be operated communally, and big groups could still be brought in for concerts as often as was necessary to pay expenses. If people were into testing possibilities instead of getting rich, the Theatre could really be out of sight.

As it is, it's just okay. I usually enjoy myself when I go there, and they do have dynamite music, and, while they're greedy, they aren't really dishonest. It's just like any "Straight" business — you get what you pay for and working there is just a means of paying the rent. As a "Straight" business, the Theatre naturally puts profits before people. But that's just what we don't want anymore. We don't want our music sucked up by clever entrepreneurs, our people crowded and yelled at, our artists stifled. We need space to explore in, to explore ourselves, express ourselves, to explore what may yet become our "culture." Aaron Russo denies us this space in his lust for money, and that's why the Electric Theatre is kind of a drag.

Mike Abrahams

(Editor's note: At this time the Theatre seems to be wavering on its commitment to let its groups play in Lincoln Park. Carol Manna of Free City Music tried for several weeks to get confirmation of this policy from the Theatre and never got a definitive reply. There are groups coming to the Theatre, however, who have indicated their intention to play the park with or without Aaron Russo's permission.

## FUNDAMENTALS OF HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

*Trip One*

(Warning: Technical/dry reading—sorry!)

That scribbled/scrawled stuff you call your natural handwriting tells a lot about you—how you think, for instance. That's what this trip (and the next—and the next after the next) is all about: How your handwriting tells how you think.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rather than passively read/listen to lectures, do you prefer to question and challenge? Then you write silhouettes like these:

^ ^ ^

that are hidden/concealed like this:

*writing*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Prologue: Handwriting is freehand cursive script—words/letters joined together without the pen being lifted off the paper. If the pen's lifted one or more times before a word is finished, it's still freehand cursive script.

As long as the writing (as a whole) is written continuously/uninterruptedly; as long as it's spontaneous, effortless—neither stylistically contrived (as some forms of calligraphy) nor continually discontinuous (such as print) then it's freehand cursive script.

Many silhouettes in continuous writing are closely related to personality traits. Knowing one's own or another's personality traits is to know (at least in part) the inner man and to know the inner man, if only in part is a trip.

Now let's get going with one of psychology's most

useful psychic probe tools: Handwriting analysis.

Forget/ignore that that cursively written "A" (and the two dots and dash) is in fact the capital letter A — sure it is, but that's of secondary importance in handwriting analysis. Begin now (without knowing how, yet) to look at writing as marks on paper called "strokes".

"Strokes" are always either (1) "curved" or "straight" and they're also either (2) "up" or "down" or "across". A "stroke" is "curved" when it moves either clockwise or counterclockwise; if a "stroke" (to you) seems to move neither clockwise nor counterclockwise, then it's "straight". (Helpful hint: There are six "strokes" in that cursively written capital A — two straight, four curved. And the two dots and the dash are all straight "strokes").

It's not enough, however, to know a "stroke" is either curved or straight to fix it in space — you also have to know if it's "up" or "down" or "across". Yet, the notion of the motions "up/down/across" in space needs an additional notion: To what fixed-point-of-reference are "up/down/across" related?

To decide "up/down/across" in relation to either the top or the bottom of the paper is easy — but a mistake. (Suppose the paper the writing is on is torn, irregularly-shaped? Worse, the writing on such a paper is sprawled all over it in every which way?) A safer and more true fixed-point-of-reference is the horizontal axis/horizontal line that the writing itself, especially the lowercase letters, seems to float upon as the writing undulates from left to right on the paper. This horizontal axis/horizontal line is called the base line. (Digression: A single word has its own base line — it may even have two or more base lines. And writing that's on ruled/lined paper is often writing that ignores those pre-ruled lines).

When, then, is a "stroke" either "up" or "down" or "across"? When the "stroke" is above and moving-away-from the base line and when it's below and moving-

towards the base line — then the "stroke" is up. When the "stroke" is below and moving-away-from the base line and when it's above and moving-towards the base line — then the "stroke" is down. If the "stroke" is neither up nor down — then it's across.

Now you're ready for the first law/foundation of handwriting analysis: All handwriting is made up of strokes that are (1) either curved or straight and (2) up or down or across. Once you develop a feeling for these two commandments (curved/straight; up/down/across) you'll find everything else easy.

Let's apply what we've learned (hopefully) to this cursively written capital letter M. First, see (in your mind's eye) the base line the capital letter M rests/floats upon; second, find where (to you) the pen seems first to have touched the paper — then say (to yourself): down-up-down-up-down-up-down. Now go back and do that second step again — but this time, let your eye run rapidly up and down that cursively written capital letter M and say to yourself: one-two-three-four-five-six-seven. Seven. And now you know how many strokes are in that letter M (but you couldn't know before until you knew what a stroke was); one reason for knowing how many strokes there are in a letter (or a word or a line of writing) is to use the technique of statistical sampling.

Let's do it once more — this time with the capital letter H. First, see (mentally) the base line; second, run your eye rapidly up and down the strokes of that H and count: 1-2-3-4-5-6! Six strokes. And that's all there is to it (as far as counting is concerned).

The only other thing you need to know to understand the next trip is that two (or more) strokes written continuously/consecutively form a silhouette — and silhouettes are what (in your handwriting) tell a great deal about how you think.

Bill McCauley



## THAI GUERRILLAS IN ACTION

LNS- Thai guerilla forces carried out numerous actions during the first four months of 1969, according to dispatches from the Patriotic Front of Thailand. There were conflicts between the People's Liberation Armies and police and troops of the ruling group on 60 occasions, with more than 200 enemy troops killed and eight planes shot down or damaged.

## HOWARD MILLER LEAVING WCFL

FRED- Howard Miller, major noise pollutant of the early morning airwaves, will leave WCFL early this fall. His ratings have slipped and his show is now only third in its timespot. Miller will retain his TV talk show and will run for Congress in Chicago's 13th district.

## BLACK LIGHT OVER THE WORLD

Argus- Mysteriously veiled sources have discovered the latest in the Army's developing arsenal of riot equipment. The new device is an infra-red spotlight which, placed at the end of a block, can light the entire street for soldiers wearing special goggles. This reflects the army's continuing effort to keep those in the light in the dark.

## ROCK NOTES

Rolling Stone- The MC-5, kicked off the Elektra label for "unprofessional conduct", have been signed by Atlantic and are recording their second album. Donovan is recording an album with - guess who - the Jeff Beck group. Manfred Mann has broken up, with Manfred and fellow-Mann Mike Hugg starting a new group, tentatively titled Manfred Mann Chapter Three. The new Beatles album will be released in late July. Also, Brian Jones, who recently quit the Rolling Stones (feeling that the Jagger-Richard music no longer fit his taste) has died. Probable cause of death: an asthma attack.

## CONSUMER'S REPORTS IN KANSAS CITY

In Kansas City, an experiment in progressive consumerism is finding a welcome public greeting it. An underground laboratory has been set up to analyze the caps and tabs peddled as "acid", "thc" and "mescaline". The lab analyzes the chemical contents of the pills, then the information is printed in the local underground newspaper. ("SCREW") Thus, people know what's really in what they're buying.



## BIG SUR BUST

About 20 freaks have been busted recently at Big Sur, California, for such "crimes" as camping out and sitting around small fires. The Man in Big Sur is determined to drive the hippies out. WARNING: Big Sur is not good vibes this summer.

## IWW ADVANCES

The International Workers of the World, America's oldest revolutionary worker's organization, has made advances lately in Berkeley and Chicago. In Berkeley, the staff of the Berkeley Barb (the local underground paper) wanted to buy out the owner, Max Scheer, and run the paper as a cooperative. When negotiations with Scheer broke down, they went out on strike under the IWW banner. Both factions are now putting out Barbs. In Chicago, Head Imports is now an IWW shop. Freaks who are interested in organizing in the 'hip' businesses where they work should get in touch with the IWW at 2422 N. Halsted Street, Chicago, 60614. Keep in mind that it's on the Attorney General's subversive list.

## JOIN THE VENCEREMOS BRIGADE

LNS- Next fall, 300 Americans will go to Cuba to help cut cane in the winter's sugar harvest. This will provide an opportunity for Americans - from all walks of life - to help build socialism and to actually live in a socialist nation. If you'd like to go, write Venceremos Brigade, P.O. Box 643, Cathedral Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10025 for information.

## ROCK REVOLT IN L.A.

LNS- Once again a sharpie promoter set up a shoddy "rock festival" for the teenyboppers, this time in Northridge, California, only this time the people didn't stay suckered. Pissed off by a \$7 admission fee, shitty sound systems, overcrowding, and lies about toilet and camping facilities, thousands of music freaks stormed the gates and threw rocks and bottles at police. People are beginning to understand that the new culture belongs to the people and not to any dude who tries to gyp us.

## WHY NO GRASS

As is very apparent to everyone, there is very little grass around - anywhere. Part of this shortage can be attributed to the burning of marijuana fields in Mexico, and some to the newest anti-dope development; a spray, used on grass fields, that makes the weed so unpalatable that smokers vomit after two toques. Further explanations point to the increased pig pressure on big dealers, who make most of their money from hard drugs and deal grass and hash as a sideline. With the added heat coming down, many of these dealers have stopped handling bulky, hard-to-transport and easy-to-detect marijuana.

## FUCKERS BUSTED IN JERSEY

A Paterson, New Jersey jury recently found a couple guilty of violating that state's 179-year-old anti-fornication law. June Clark, 27, and Charles Barr, 35, found guilty on three counts (positions?) each, face a maximum penalty of six months in the can for each count. The law prohibits sex between unmarried persons.

PEOPLE'S PARK NEGOTIATIONS:  
THE REGENTS SAY NO

Guardian- University of California's Board of Regents has voted to turn People's Park into a housing for married students in two years, it was announced June 20. In the interim, the Park will serve as a parking lot and fenced-in athletic field. Before the park was begun, the University had indicated that it had no plans for the site for the next ten years. The result of the Regents' decision has been to convince moderate students that negotiations were a fakeout, and that the only way to build People's Park is to go out and take it.



"Who...who...?" "Hi there! I represent Head Imports. Where'd you get..."

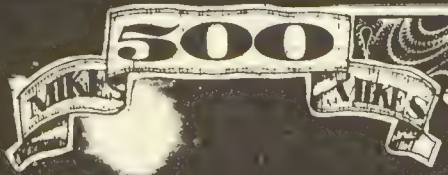
**HEAD IMPORTS**  
WHOLESALE      RETAIL  
2446 North Lincoln  
Chicago, Illinois 60614  
312 549-1059

**SAVOY BROWN**

THE PENETRATING POWER  
OF SOLID STATE BY AMPEG



# Government Acid Test



Daniel Freedman, in "Perspectives on the Use and Abuse of Psychedelic Drugs," equates certain aspects of the psychedelic experience with primary symptoms of psychosis: "enhanced value and intense attention placed on the self, the 'double registrations,' the ambivalence (pleasant-unpleasant, terror-ecstasy), heightened tension and diminished control . . ." (Dreams also present similarities with psychosis.) "... what is impinging on an ongoing perception is a vivid memory of what has just been perceived; these co-existing images can compete for attention and thus give rise to illusions . . . Similarly, past memories can emerge vividly, competing for the status of current reality (double registration)." "... the failure of identities and categories to be maintained underlies most of the descriptions of PARALOGIC in schizophrenia. (Emphasis mine.) The capacity to direct one's focus is impaired: allocation of the source of a feeling, a sound, a sight, or a thought becomes difficult since inside and outside become fused. Accordingly there are frequent 'projections' or misconceptions of motives." Because of the similarities, drugs are a useful tool for studying psychiatric phenomena such as psychoses.

## BAD TRIP

"Most people working with the drug . . . note that unstable surroundings or confused motives may lead to 'bad trips'. The attitudes under which the drug is taken are important. The Indians of the Native American Church emphasize sincerity, and the desire to learn, and they link bad peyote experiences with the presence of aggression and competition rather than the setting of sincerity and brotherly love and a willingness to learn. It is striking that WHEN SELF-EXAMINATION OR CONFRONTATION WITH INTERNAL PROBLEMS IS THE MOTIVE for drug-taking, effects are sometimes bad. When problems are aptly externalized or shared there is less panic and subsequent upset. Thus a certain yielding and surrender of ambition and personal autonomy helps some individuals to have a good experience, but this requires if not group support a certain personal strength, or at least a facility. IT ALSO REQUIRES STABLE GROUPS." (Author's emphasis.)

## NEED FOR SYNTHESIS

As a "profound breach with normal functioning," the drug experience must be integrated and coped with. "Some borrow stability from ready-made explanations. Still others will decide that the sense of cosmic comprehension is equivalent to mastery. They will tend to deny the anxiety about the loss or potential loss of control . . . Some individuals will isolate it; some will set it aside in an attempt to master it and still others, lacking any other means of mastery, will be compelled repeatedly and unexpectedly to confront what was experienced. We see this in students who come in for help weeks after a trip."

Sometimes the breakdown in habit may "persist in benign ways," or it may lead to new repetitive behavior, for "it (LSD) rearranges our ideas of order."

"Some experience a 'loss' manifest by depression and an urge to recapture the illusionary world of the drug. We know that people may produce vivid consequences or experiences in order to see them in a new light. These are experiences which are presented to consciousness, but what often is lacking is the element of GUIDANCE, CORRECTION, REFLECTION AND STRUCTURE WHICH LEADS TO AUTHENTIC SELF-MASTERY; this may be the chief source of danger of LSD — the lack of structure and autonomy and the traumatic and potent intensity!" (Emphasis mine.)

"In the Native American Church, the Indian utilizes . . . religious explanation and adherence, specific ceremonies and the group . . . to integrate the experience which serves a purpose in the total fabric of his life . . . Some sects are tutored to IGNORE THE VISIONS and disparate elements of the drug state to ACHIEVE THIS HIGHER COSMIC STATE (transcending personal inadequacy). The Indian does not accordingly seek a simple 'high' or thrill . . ." (Emphases mine.)

## GROUP AID

"Certain groups seem built to absorb (the) strain (i.e., between internal authority and striving for autonomy). Many successful self-help groups appear to be peer groups

. . . the distance between authority and the miscreant . . . is diminished and so too is the inner tension. The cost is a surrender of certain order of autonomy to the group and dependence on it. It may be less painful to drop pretense and to permit less masking of inadequacy in the presence of uncritical and non-threatening peers. Of course there may also be a tendency to externalize the conflict with authority, a tendency reinforced by peer-grouping. Still this can permit authentic self involvement at a level which is realistically available . . .

"Ideally, autonomy and involvement might mean not to be distracted by arguments with authority; such terms should connote PUTTING ONESELF IN THE PLACE OF AUTHORITY — not imitatively — but in terms of real commitments INVOLVING RISK, INITIATIVE AND RESPONSIBILITY. (Emphases mine.) To some extent self-help groups can aid members to move in these directions. Yet, such adjustments mean relying heavily on the concrete presence and reinforcement of a sane group which shares the burdens of initiative. This is not always achieved. In some chronic users one sees a bland impulsiveness — an indifference to the habitual and customary which border on a supercilious posture of superiority . . .

"Group sanctioning of the drug state can diminish the intensity and isolation; the group mystique tends to give integration through a credible rendition . . . The mystique may not be more descriptive of the drug state but simply apparently precise and sufficiently allusive to serve as a representation of and compensation for the breach with reality . . . It may be that religious symbolism aptly represents the transformations characteristic of this latent part of the mind."

## CONVERSION

Conversion, or the personality changes brought about by psychedelics, may be abrupt or gradual, temporary or permanent. The conflict the drugs bring about "reaches a peak, a moment of 'giving up' . . . which can be followed by an opportunity TO COME UP WITH A NEW SOLUTION." (Emphasis mine.)

If this giving up does not take place, pathologically defensive behavior may ensue, and "there would be a lack of coherence of the personality which the conversion experience might achieve." We have seen instances of this personality breakdown, of defensiveness, of the savior (messiah) complex, or superiority certainty, and of sudden religious revivals. The "giving up" and the support of the group are thus seen to be two basic essentials in the positive use of psychedelic experience. These groups must develop stability and self-critical checks if they are to cope with crises. Too many young people are now using powerful drugs as "an emotional fitness test" like peer-group smoking or sexual experience.

## VALUE

What is the cost of euphoria? Is the mind of man "built to accommodate an excess either of pleasure or of over-rationality?" "Is a stable person really under sufficient control of his motives and shifting circumstance, let alone the dosage, to take these drugs as a civil right for whatever personal reasons he wishes? If so, who has to care for the consequences of his misjudgments? . . . How can the stability of religious custom protect drug takers who have little authentic orientation to religion and unstable groups and barely reliable leaders upon whom to lean?"

"Thus etched upon the variabilities of culture and personality are drugs with a certain skew toward that mystical realm of the mind which knows both psychosis and religion; both heightened and useful self insight and impaired and distorted judgment about the everyday world . . .

"In general, it seems to me that we have been more awed than aided by our experience with these drugs. They still remain agents which reveal but do not chart the mental regions; to do that we must employ our mental faculties available in the undrugged state . . . We should strive to make distinctions so that — at some future date — if we knew how the elements of mind really were related, we could specify for the chemist the designs he should seek in nature."

Cynthia Edelman and Stephen Erbach





"My Darling Beauty:

"I thought I'd sit down and write a few lines to let you know I am feeling fine. I know that you've been kissed a thousand times or more since I've been gone, but I miss you so much so I thought I would write to you to let you know I am coming home.

"Last night I laid in my bed thinking of you. I hope you are feeling fine and I'll be coming home soon.

"Welllllll honey, it won't be long now until I will be in your arms. I will always love you."

The above letter is written by a man who I have renamed Tom Kelly. Not a bum, brother, a 32-year old Jewish wife and a 28-year old Navy commander brother dead in Vietnam; that fuckin bitch over there in the blue skirt ain't no good, gotta nother quarter, brother? Her kids shit and pee in their pants ("gimme that sand pail you mother-fucker," said the five-year old girl to her eight-year old brother.). You wanna cigarette, I gotta carton here, he said to me as we sat on a bench

in Lincoln Park, a quarter of a mile from the Sunday Love-In. I fought Carmen Basilio, that dago, I slugged the hell outta him. These fists, yeah, my old man told me, son he said, son some day you'll get drunk and kill a man.

There's old Bill over there. A couple niggers jumped him last night, I hadda pull them off of him. That son of a bitch got five bucks in his pocket and he asks me for wine! That son of a bitch! She's no good, that stone tramp with the blue skirt been sleepin with a hundred guys in the park. Those are her kids. Want me to write a letter to your wife for ya? I can write.

Tom Jones is my cousin. You know him? From London. He taught me to sing. You gotta nother quarter? I'm a comic, you know? Here, gimme that paper. I'll draw you a comic. I draw this little guy up here, see? Yeah, I draw comics. Sugar Ray's a good friend, yeah. I knocked him out and I told him how I fought that dago Carmy Basilio. I fought this Porto Rican guy outta Cuba in '67 in my last fight. That's when I met this bitch in the blue skirt she ain't no fuckin good. My wife said do you wanna come home with me or go out and get drunk again? I left the arena with the bitch in the blue skirt. She's sleepin with everybody in the park, not training her kids, they shit and pee in their pants. (Guitar music and singing is floating over the trees from the Sunday Love-In).

Have one a my cigarettes, I gotta carton in my shirt. How's the Cubs doin today? Them Mets are a bunch a bums. I know, I'm from New York, see. These people in Chicago are sure funny. I sit down next to em on the bench here and say Hullo, how ya doin? And they look up at that lamp pole there, Zoom their eyes go up to that lamppost. I ain't no bum, see, look here, this is a picture of my wife, 32-years old, she's a Jew. I'm Irish. This is my brother, a Navy commander. What a beauty she is! She's still in New York.

I hit this guy so hard, one punch is all I need, you know, one opening. I hit him and my manager Cus D'Amato says you really hit him, Tom. And he's layin there almost dead. Those lights are hot, you know. You stand in the corner under them lights with the crowd roaring. And I goes to the center a the ring and he's layin there flat on his back. I'm sorry brother, i didn't mean to hit you so hard, c'mon I said, there's tears in my eyes, c'mon get up and I'll buy you the biggest steak ya ever seen at Sugar Ray's place.

That's where I met this broad in the blue skirt, in New York after the Basilio fight. My wife asked me if I was comin home or if i was gonna get drunk. She's a good girl, my wife. I left with this tramp in the blue skirt, she's sleepin with every guy in the park. See how much darker I am than you? Sleepin in the park. Looks good, huh? I'll write a letter to your wife for ya: "My Darling Beauty... I thought I'd sit down and write you a few lines to let you know I'm feeling fine... I miss you so much..." Is that okay? I mean I don't know her, you know, you tell me if it's okay, it's your prerogative you know. (Images of the Sunday Love-In a quarter mile away pass through my mind. I'm getting uncomfortable here, want to get to my friends and listen to the music and hear how the Movement is doing...)

This is a picture of my wife, see, she's 32, a Jewish girl. Me, I'm Irish. My old man told me, Tom he said, you be nice to people and they'll be nice to you. He said if you're gonna get drunk get some food in your stomach first, even if it's only a sandwich, eat somethin. ("Gimme that pail, you cocksucker!", said the eight-year old boy to his little sister as they played beneath the lamppost across the walk.) And that bitch in the blue skirt's been talkin to those four guys all afternoon. "I know you been kissed a thousand" --how do you spell thousand?-- "I know you kissed a thousand guys since I been gone, but I'm coming home now, darling." "Hey, Bill, I'll be over there in a minute," he shouted to a friend who was laying in the grass, "I gotta write this letter for this guy to his wife. he don't know how to write you know, I'll be over there in a minute." (I wonder if the Sixth Street Theater will be performing in the park today at the Sunday Love-In?)

You want one a these cigarettes? It's okay. I gotta whole carton in my shirt, go ahead and crack open that pack. Tom Jones ain't from London, he's a Welshman, my cousin, he taught me how to sing. If they just gimme one opening I could floor em with one punch! Ain't I sun-tanned? "Welllllll darling, I thought of you in bed last night and I'm coming home." You know what I'm gonna do now, brother? Get me a bottle of wine. You gotta nother quarter?

The Sixth Street Theater was performing at the Sunday Love-In in the Park. Something about Imperialism... Marshall Rosenthal

# EDDIE B.

1969 is the twentieth anniversary of our good friend Eddy B's first one-man show, which ran for five months at the Art Institute. In tribute, and for the benefit of those un fortunate ones who have not yet encountered Ed (you will!) we are publishing parts of articles written about Ed by some new friends of his, students at Circle Campus. This issue combines the writing of Theresa Podgorski and Marjorie Beukema, edited by C. E.

Ed joined the Loyalists in the Second War of Spanish Independence. He returned with a useless right arm. Having thus lost a career as a concert pianist, he began to concentrate on drawing left-handed and writing poetry. The pain of his wound made him a medical addict, a designation not respected by Chicago police, who sent him to jail several times for possession of narcotics. He is now on probation and free of the habit by virtue of constant carefulness. In his fifty years he has probably produced 100,000 paintings and drawings, at a guess, many of which are owned by Chicago lawyers and other illuminati. Ed has always given works to friends, but he must sell them now, because his wife is expecting a child (an event which excites him to rhapsodies). Here is our salute to a man whose heroism is not of a moment, but of a lifetime.

All life is: a) absurd b) screwed-up beyond all recognition  
c) not real d) wow

Choose one. Failure to follow instructions justifies immediate disqualification. Honor systems, etc., will be in effect.

Eddy,

You've been disqualified. You failed to follow instructions. You did it on the football field. And you could have been President (Richard Nixon's father owned a grocery store, too.)

As an only child you didn't have to compete so I guess you never learned to. Why mash people up to get success? Find something you like to do and do it. But don't quit, you must finish. To leave it unfinished would be to fail and Eddy Balchowsky will not fail. It's almost creepy to meet a person who is satisfied to be his own judge and satisfied simply not to fail at anything. That means that as

you don't compete with society you don't depend on it. So you play the piano like no one else can play and the people who are busy fighting must stop and listen and feel together in admiration. That's what art does to the world. It makes people dependent on artists for a touch of reality or brotherhood or what have you.

The piano and nightclubs wrapped themselves up in Eddy in a room with a friend named Smith (Smith you had a drop of Spain in you it became a habit and a dream to make love to Spain - did you and Eddy become blood-brothers or was Ed just on the prowl for a new way to spend himself? Poor Smith, you never got there). Eddy went to war to kill fascists.

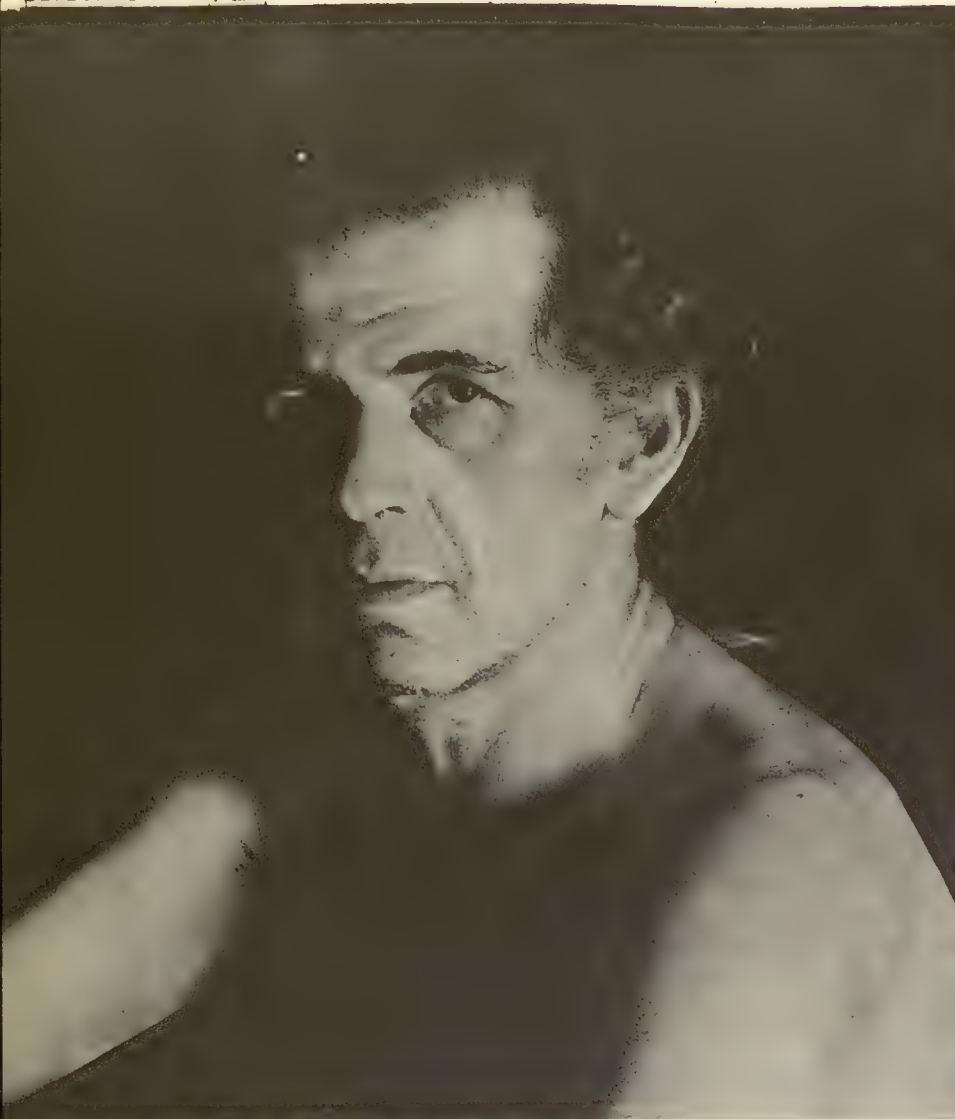
There have been other mountains, the kind you create and break your life to get over, but the mountains that peaked for you in 1938 were the Pyrenees. It would take a power like the mountain-builder's to win this war and you knew it but dammit what is life if a man is shot for saying "shut-up"? At first, war was playing piano for the Madrid Cultural Commission and learning to appreciate the English, the kind of people you'd like to be with if you were hurt. Security. So when it's time to kill the artful dodgers slips from the American line-up into the King's ranks, with the poets and musicians of the Commission. You were to lose half an arm - the right half that lets you read two rows of notes with melody.

"The date was April 1, 1938 - April Fool's Day - at dawn. I was an observation scout with the British Battalion. We didn't know where we were, so we had to smoke our cigarettes under blankets. At 4:00 we halted. Over the top of that hill we saw a thin line of lights, truck lights. Enemy territory! We were in artillery formation, half on the right, half on the left - so we wouldn't all be wiped out at once. I was in the rear. Someone came riding through on a horse and told us to advance. It was still dark and we didn't know if he was friend or enemy.

"The front ranks rounded a corner, right into a trap. Forty tanks shooting from all sides! We ran. All except for Wee Jackson (we called him that because he was 6'4", the shortest of five brothers). He'd been carrying the barrel of the machine gun. The carriage was on the other side of the road. He laid the barrel on a three-foot stone wall, and fired it bouncing along the wall, setting fire to the first two tanks. That gave us time to reform on the hill. There were 70 of us, against forty tanks! They kept firing. Bullets flew so close to my head the tassel was ripped from my beret. I ran. We all ran. For two weeks, all the way to the Mediterranean. There we re-formed."







There's not much one can do when lying in bed in excruciating pain but accept the morphine they prick into your vein. It's like flying without the hassle of feathers or turbojets. You're straight, you can't let it go. You need a crutch che n you can do nothing. Art. You can't hear a pencil as it moves across a paper or a piece of chalk as it makes a greater then life portrait of an unbelievable hairline; maybe there's some value in making things to see. It takes an artist, Eddy. Your art school was the battle's need for maps. Draw us some maps, Eddy, of machine gun positions in the hills and troop trains in the valleys.

He had been with the Lincoln Brigade only one week when a bullet tore his arm from elbow to wrist - September 7, 1938. Of all the shots of morphine at the hospital, the last was to haunt him with hope thirty years later - it was just distilled water, but it stopped the pain.

His arm hung withered at his side until 1958 when it was amputated below the elbow. Eddy considers the loss of his arm: "It forced me to live. I discovered different ways of doing things. This spread into other areas. I wouldn't change anything." The right-handed pianist becomes a left-handed artist.

Eddy, you should have done what Uncle Franklin said and stopped by the Post Office for the naturalization inquiry, even though your parents were bo r n right here and you too. You're going to be disqualified, I'm warning you . . . . so you're fired from your job at the radio company. You didn't cooperate a n d the boss didn't like G-men coming around. Uncle Franklin wanted to die w i t h an easy conscience - something had to snatch the U.S. from the WPA and N R A and AAA and TVA or there'd be alphabet anarchy. The letters were swallowin g America and its people still closed their eyes so they wouldn't taste the maggots on the meat - WAR was the only way out and Congressmen were scared silly of s u b-versives - and you fought in Spain in events your government preferred to i g n o r e, forget. No jobs for subversives who went to fight fascism - Churchill prefers fascism to communism, and there were communists in your International Brigade.

Even the scholarship at the Institute of Design (where you created the prints that would hang in the Art Institute for five months, the longest one-man show) ended in dismissal. They thought you were passing out grass. Some people can't afford to break the rules.

"My philosophy is that the only thing wrong with this world is me. I'm responsible for the space I occupy and nothing else."

What and whose rules, Eddy? They put a man into prison, tell him he is so evil he has got to be hidden. But the best way to fight evil is to make progress in the good. The rulemakers never read that, only you paid it heed, Eddy. Next to that mountain that had become polluted with dope you built another mountain, progress and knowledge. You know your limits. You couldn't climb all the way down that ugly mountain but you might be able to get the hell off it if you had something just as high to step onto. You escape by making progress in the construction of the most magnificent mountain. I can't see it, but you can paint it and sing it and play it on the piano and maybe you always have.

"To be afraid of the unknown is ridiculous. I'm not afraid of death. That's where believing in God helps. I can tell you from experience. When the bullets were combing my hair, I thought, either I'll live or I won't. When you're close to death is no time to fear. Probably the further you are from death the more frightening it is. But the last thing to be concerned about is what you have no control over. Do what you can about living."

In this final stretch, you have been disqualified from that the senior partner of Honrblower and Weekes calls life. Don't be concerned, though, you've got i t over the offspring in every area. I think when death walks up to you you'll look at her and tell her you're a coward and she'll laugh and sit down close and you'll rap a while . . . you always have.

"Would you like to go back to Spain, Eddy?"

"Sure! You want to take me?"

# PHIL WEXLER'S CHICAGO

BY PHIL WEXLER

## A BOMB IN THE GREYHOUND STATION

Police had a call to the Greyhound Bus Station.

Police had to vaccate the building.

They heard a humming sound in one of the lockers.

The Bomb and Arssin Squad removed the box where the humming sound came from, carefully, they opened the box inside was a doll saying, "MA-MA"!

I saw it on TV NEWS.

## THE CHICAGO CUBS VICTORED ON BILLY WILLIAMS DAY AT WRIGLEY FIELD

It was Billy Williams Day at Cubs Park. He played dam good ball all day. To tell you how good he and the rest of the team played, the score was in a double hitter 3 to 1 in the 1st game and 12 to 1 in the 2nd game.

In between games they had a Billy Williams Ceremony and presented him with a boat because fishing is his hobby and an automobile. He said, "There is one person I have to thank, I have to thank GOD."

They were playing St. Louis.

I saw the game ON TELEVISION.

## THE CHICAGO CUBS RETURN HOME, A BIG CROWD TO GREET THEM AT THE AIRPORT

The Chicago cubs returned home, there was a big crowd to greet them at the airport.

Ernie Banks stepped off the plane first, then came Ron Santo then Ferrige and the rest of the cubbys came off the plane.

The crowd was yelling, "We're first, We're first."

They open an 8 game home stand tommorow.

ss I saw it ON TV NEWS

PHOTO AL LIEBERMAN



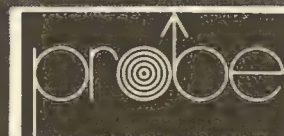


Birth is  
an explosion  
as  
violent as  
death.



(Probe CP 4504)

Hear THE LITTER  
Hear them at the Kinetic Playground July 18-19.  
At the Auditorium August 24.



RECORDS WITH THE GOOD, GOOD FEELING!



pigs or hostile crackers or parents or narcs (a few agents had prowled around, but, in a perfect imitation of the Who's deaf, dumb, and blind Tommy, left after telling Festival officials that they could see no drug use). At one point on Saturday night, the MC called a girl's name and announced that her father and mother were at the gate and wanted to see her "right now." The applause was thunderous when he went on to say, "Whether you go or not is your choice."

A thousand miles away, the town police of Saugatuck, Michigan were arresting hundreds of Festival-goers for curfew violations and beer-drinking. In Atlanta that mean old Man couldn't have taken anyone if he'd wanted to. The International Raceway was a liberated zone. The Festival-goers were buying the space that people on the Lower East Side and in Berkeley and in downtown Atlanta-bleed for every weekend.

Rolling Stone has called the whole Festival scene a "Bummer in the summer." The biggest bummer is that people have to buy their freedom, have to pay to escape, have to escape. On August first, this scene will be repeated in Atlantic City, New Jersey. On August thirteenth, a quarter-million people will meet in upstate New York for an Aquarian Exposition that will feature every top American group. And tonight, there's a promoter somewhere who lies awake thinking about Max Frost and "Wild in the Streets."

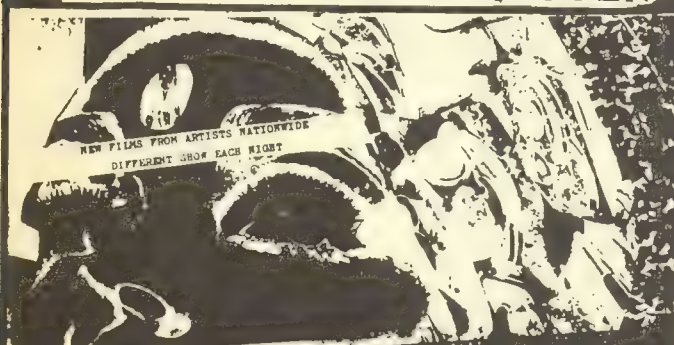
Abraham Peck

**A good hot dog is hard to find**

**no accept substitutes**

**FRIENDLY ASA'S**

**2451 N. LINCOLN**



**Saginaw FilmFEST**

**AUG 15 FRI**

**16 SAT**

Enter Saginaw's 2nd 8mm/Super 8 Film Festival to be held at the Ginger Blue Coffeehouse, Saginaw Michigan Aug 15-16 All entries must be on 8mm or Super 8 stock only Films may be accompanied by tapes. Please indicate tape speed and the number of tracks. You may send as many entries as you desire. Films submitted may be any subject or length. Each entry must be accompanied by \$1 entry fee. Deadline August 8

Send entries to: W. Wegner, Chairman 4373 Wayside S  
Saginaw Michigan 48603

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

8mm \_\_\_\_\_ Super 8 \_\_\_\_\_ Sound \_\_\_\_\_ Silent \_\_\_\_\_

Tape Speed 3 \_\_\_\_\_ 3/4 \_\_\_\_\_ 7 1/2 \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Film \_\_\_\_\_

If sound, type? 2track \_\_\_\_\_ 4track \_\_\_\_\_ Monaural/Stereo \_\_\_\_\_

# ROCKEFELLER... CONT'D FROM Pg 3

ly portion of the Arkansas that he governs, while the family as a whole owns the world's largest private real estate development, called, oddly enough, Rockefeller Center. The Rockefeller Empire is worth at least \$90,000,000,000 (all those zeroes mean billion), and its continued worth is dependent on the untapped resources of the underdeveloped nations. For example, half of Standard Oil's profits come from Latin America.

In retrospect, the idea of Rockefeller the Absurd sadly becomes Rockefeller the All-Too-Typical. The people of Latin America showed that they understood this. Irate Argentinians knew that the stores they were burning were owned by IBEC, the continent's largest supermarket distributor, which Nelson organized in 1947 to diversify family holdings away from oil. (IBEC is famous for such "philanthropic" practices as introducing a powdered milk-whole milk combination that drove the local competition in Venezuela out of business and allowed the company carte blanc to raise its prices to 50% above the US price.) When Venezuelans took to the streets, they were aware that the land they trod upon was and is Rockefeller-owned.

In Columbia and Brazil and Uruguay and Chile and Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic, and even in Stroessner's dictatorial Paraguay, demonstrators announced their awareness of the true nature of the "ambassador of good will." Paraguayans burnt the stars and stripes, Uruguayans burnt General Motors, Dominicans burnt a refinery, Chileans and Venezuelans forced their

governments to "regretfully" cancel his visit, and Bolivians kept him at the airport. Ten students in Ecuador and one in Honduras were killed in riots directly related to his arrival, and the trip to Brazil was "peaceful" only after thousands were put under preventive arrest. And, in a scene from "The Ugly American," Ecuadorian demonstrators nearly over-turned his car.

To admit that Rockefeller was in South America as an ambassador of the United States is to say that the needs and desires of a few large interests shape US policy. David and Laurance may back the Alliance for Progress and talk of "social revolution," but their very involvement indicates the limits of such programs. If Gore Vidal's nightmare ever becomes a reality and World War III begins in Montevideo Harbor, it will be at the behest of one financial colossus or another. If full-blown fascism takes over this country, it will be because the majority of people have been duped into stepping on the poor because the super-rich, bent on protecting their investments, hustled them into believing that the majority run the government and that their imaginary control is threatened. Starving people and professed morality have a bad track-record when forced to run against the needs of multi-billion-dollar corporations.

Look at the picture. He's got a nice smile. He's a well-respected man. He's a governor who may yet be President. He's rich. He's everything that we were taught to know as "good." He's rotten! It was an insult for Nixon to send him. If South America was a

CONT'D ON PAGE 18

## Joni Mitchell Finally Comes Across

After 10 to these 14 months—it has happened.

Off our part, it's taken blood, sweat, tears, and greed.

Coaxing and cajoling.

Even—yes—chicanery.

But the blonde lady who only recently was subject of a Reprise ad headlined "Joni Mitchell Takes Forever" has finally, at long last, come across. With ten new songs technically catalogued in our album inventory as *Clouds* (RS 6341). But referred to by Music Lovers Everywhere as

pearance on the first Johnny Cash show. Giving the following quote to *Time* magazine for its April 4 issue:

**"If you are sad, then you should feel sad. The French are good at that. They show what they feel and in that way purge themselves of it. My next album will be even sadder. It gets into the pain of the heart."**

Ahh, the perfect lead-in to the subject at hand: RS 6341. And its content.

Over the past 14 months, Joni has, between concerts and lolls, managed to make new songs. Many are included in RS 6341, viz "The Gallery," "That Song About the Midway," and "Roses Blue." Plus some of the Joni Mitchells Everyone Knows, like "Chelsea Morning" and "Both Sides, Now." In addition, each and every lyric is printed in its entirety on the inside of a glorious full-color jacket.

And now, they are public. If we had any sense, we'd leave it at that, and end this ad right here.

### BUT ONE MORE THING

Joni painted her own portrait for the cover of the album. It's pretty. If you'd like to have a copy to hang where you hang things, a copy without the words on it, just fill out the coupon and get it to us with a quarter. Joni will be with you shortly.

Joni Mitchell's Pretty Picture  
Room 208  
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records  
Burbank, California 91503

Here's a quarter for that self-portrait, printed lovingly on expensive paper with no words on it.

(This offer expires sometime later this year.)

### CONCLUDING PITCH

Just in case you've been in total seclusion for the last year, *Clouds* is Joni's second album. Her first (known to accounting as RS 6293) is called *Joni Mitchell*. Pick up either of them. It might make Joni Mitchell come down from Laurel Canyon with her third album. But don't count on it.

Joni Mitchell Records For



Reprise Albums & Tapes.  
Which is Where She Belongs.



THE NEW JONI MITCHELL

To be foursquare, however, it's not as though Joni has been unfruitful, like just lolling about in Laurel Canyon (where she only sometimes lolls). She has been busy. Being the pleasant surprise of last January's Miami Pop Festival. Singing her story of "Nathan La Franeer" from Los Angeles to Montreal. Smiling tearfully through a standing ovation at Carnegie Hall. Making a rare television ap-



# Reviews

## THE STEVE MILLER BAND

"BRAVE NEW WORLD"... Capitol Records SKAO-184

"Brave New World" starts off with an atomic bomb blast and progressive type of tune and ends with a kind of old funky thing on the other side. That may seem like kind of a wide-open statement to start off with, but why not? Steve Miller is the kind of music that you're either into or not. I've spoken to many people who swear that Steve Miller is nowhere and just can't understand his popularity, and I've rapped with others that will swear by him (myself included). So what we appear to have before us is a group that does and doesn't have a following.

Lyrical, "Brave New World" is a kind of nebulous thing that doesn't rap specifically about anything, but does a lot of generalizing that can mean many things to many people. That's cool too, because I like to pick out my meaning and not have it spelled out for me. Maybe that's why some people can't get into him; because his work is like a painting on the wall. It's up to the observing individual to make some sense out of it. It's sometimes rather difficult to get into someone else's thing, but sometimes it's definitely worth the effort. For example, the second cut on the second side is entitled, "Space Cowboy". On first hearing it I found that without any effort at all I was flashing on all the kiddie space and cowboy flicks I'd ever seen. On top of this the lyrics go, "I'm tired of all the talk about love...I'm a Space Cowboy, bet you weren't ready for that..." Well after a while I found out that I really wasn't ready for that, and the damn song flipped me out.

Musically about all one could or would want to say about the Steve Miller Band is that it is very together, again depending on whether or not you can get up enough energy to get into its work. I find them to be really tight and able to be extremely versatile in a single bound, maybe even faster than a speeding freak. Let it suffice that the album is worth the purchase price, even, believe it or not, if you can't get into it. A strong statement for a strong album.

F.M. Triad

## NEW

1001 WAYS TO MAKE LOVE, by Tuli Kupferberg  
(Grove Press, \$1.25)

In the interests of science, I went through this book very carefully, counting all the methods recommended by Mr. Kupferberg. Alas, restricted as I have been, I have been able to experience a mere 419 out of the 1001. Of course, I have never lived in New York, so Numbers 72 through 97 are not available to me. However, given these barriers to complete ecstatic achievement, and with the aid of the many useful and informative illustrations, newspaper clippings, and pertinent articles from such scholarly journals as the London Daily Mirror, EVO, and the New England Journal of Medicine, I am sure the gaps in my education will be closed speedily.

I have only a couple of questions. First, what happens when the Arva Bovine Artificial Vagina gets together with the Little Gem Dandy Vibrating Artificial Penis? And secondly, where can I find the gentleman in illustration 213-C?

(Incidentally, I was told that this book came out in mimeo form some time ago, and that the \$1.25 paperback is just a way of fucking the reading public. Number 1002, eh, Tuli?)

Val Walker

## LETTER TO A DEAD MAN

Richard Farina, *Long Time Coming And a Long Time Gone*, Random House, N.Y. \$4.95

*The Age of Rock*, edited by Jonathon Eisen, Random House, NY. \$6.95 hard bound, \$2.95 paperback.

It's been a long time, Richard Farina. We first met in Chicago, when I cracked the binding of *Been Down So Long*. . . and laughed as Piglet and Heffalump sampled chicks and paragoric and faced off against the Great Foolishness. Now, much later, in the back seat of a Volkswagen heading into Mississippi, I'm looking through two history books. One is written by you; the other has your name on the dedication page. Both are anthologies, collections of allegedly representative pieces. Both have nifty psychedelic jackets wrapped around subtle black covers. Both are contradictions.

Contradictions. McLuhan should make films but writes books. Marcuse is one-dimensional to the point of boredom. This article is anti-critical criticism. *The Age of Rock* describes an aural, participatory, outrageous hoppaoumaomao way of life as if it were a new kind of prune juice. *Long Time Coming And A Long Time Gone* fails because its fantasies have been stolen by the ever-hungry Actuality ghoul.

When Bob Dylan sang 'I ain't lookin' ..to simplify Analyze you, categorize you. . .'

he sang your message. You would have never put down your guitar in Paris to read 388 pages about 'what you should know if you want to be in the know' [You would never have memorized cocktail party non-sequiturs like 'the tambourine man is a marijuana peddler' (p187). You'd have played dulcimer or lain down across a four-foot throw pillow and let a headset pulse grass-smoke sounds into your cerebellum. You were too much an 'of' person to read a big book 'about' music.

*The Age of Rock* features Jon Landau from the evil Eye and Paul Williams of Crawdaddy, electric Tom Wolfe and eclectic Richard Christgau of Esquire and the Voice —and a piece by none other than Richard Farina. All the right people, even Murray Kempton descends from the temple of the Square Left to 'explain' Beatlemania. Chronology and geography and personality and ethnology and demonology are rammed, jammed, sliced, diced, compressed, stressed, aligned, juxtaposed, sifted, and processed so that half-way through the book the words become noise and the pages row upon row of Exterminator and amplifiers.

*The Age of Rock* makes white bread of our music. Some of the articles about rock's anti-intellectualism are all too intellectual. Others grind out Heglian explanations on the topic of why nothing seems to make sense anymore. For each excellent view of what makes someone live and perform as they do there is an exercise in cultural vampirism that drains the blood from "the hippie life-style." Granting the difficulty of writing about sound and light, there is still no subtitle like "Sounds of the American Cultural Revolution" for a book with one! article that consistently uses 'us,' 'ours,' and 'my.' *The Age of Rock* is more historiography than history, more 'who says' than 'what is.'

*Long Time Coming*. . . is like the proverbial Chinese meal, instantly filling but soon forgotten. The treadmill moves much faster now; nobody wants yesterday's heroes. Ginsberg was booed for his Lincoln Park pacifism, Kesey went from Merry Prankster to hunted man, the Ash Grove had a crippling fire and the White Horse is in the wrong Village. "Vs" have clenched themselves into fists, "peace and flowers" is now "guns and dynamite," The hard rubber floor speeds along; many are swept

backwards into the machinery. Many of the guys from the early Be-Ins would kick your Bircher's ass—even with his two friends hiding behind the trees. The air and the politics are dirtier and crazier than the days of SANE. The raped ecology that denied you the opportunity to write Romantic poetry has grown into a ravaged Reality on the verge of denying the planet its very existence.

The mill has ground your thoughts into nostalgia. Mimi's notes cry that she would like to look upon Medusa and be frozen forever in the backflap pose—smiling leaning across your arm, the image of benevolent energy. It's the image on "Reflections In A Crystal Window" and "Celebration For A Grey Day", a tender, fragile beautiful essence that vanishes between the jaws of fiery revolution.

CONT'D ON PAGE 18

## ISSAC HAYES "HOT BUTTERED SOUL"

Enterprise records ENS 1001

Got to start right off by saying that Issac Hayes has got a version of "Walk On By" that you won't believe.

Issac Hayes has been around a while arranging for other people, including Herbie Mann and his "Memphis Underground" album, but this is his first effort to do his own sound on an album. His experience at arranging and producing for other people is apparent, because he seems to combine everything that constitutes some facet of what's going down into this album. He has a solid and tight rhythm behind everything and whatever else he does on the album, be it piano or violin, he does just enough of it to hit you by a definite punch to your music sense. The neat thing about it is that there is no scar left and no pain. . . all you remember is that you've been hit, and, hard. Lyrically, whatever you may think of "Walk On By" doesn't matter, because even if the song didn't mean anything to you before. Hayes puts himself into it and it comes out meaningful, maybe because it sounds like he's really serious about what he's singing.

As far as I'm concerned, the album consists of the first side only, with "Walk On By" and "Hyperbolic syllabicesquidellimystic (REALLY)" being the only two cuts on it. But try the whole thing.

F.M. TRIAD

*In Watermelon Sugar*, by Richard Brautigan  
(Four Seasons Foundation, \$1.95)

Not the very latest of Brautigan's writing (*The Pill Versus the Springhill Mine Disaster*, a book of poetry, is more recent), but the first of Brautigan I had read, and an amazingly sinister little book it is, too. It's nameless hero is an empty-souled young man living in a surreal country shack outside an indescribable place called iDeath. Pretty place, with the sun a different color each day, everyone engaged in (to us) meaningless pursuits like making watermelon oil and watermelon-sugar planks, statues of grass and potatoes, transparent Tombs for the dead, remembering the tigers which were once the scourge of the land. Somehow, despite the fellowship of the people in iDeath, no closeness. A girl, a meal, an unfinished statue, another girl, a suicide, a funeral: all taken in exactly the same way. The protagonist has no name because he has never allowed himself to be affected enough by the world to let his true name spring out of his face. Or perhaps he has killed his name with his feelings. In any case he is paralyzed, even though he moves through the rooms of iDEATH. He wanders alone at night unsleeping, even though he has been able to lull the wakefulness of his new girl Pauline by making love to her. She calls him to love, to sleep, but he cannot sleep. Perhaps it is the pain he knows he has caused his former lover, Margaret. He will not admit anything to himself except that he will not admit her to his mind again; but why does her particular footstep outside his door fill him with dread? No answers. All the surface images carefully and delicately recorded; but only the reader to ask Why? Why did they kill themselves in such a lovely place? And did the living really go on living? Dream you are asleep.

--Val

# TRIAD TRIAD TRIAD TRIAD

PROGRESSIVE UNDERGROUND 93.9 FM MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 10 to 12 pm WEBH



# seed is planted...

Like to see Seeds more convenient to cop? Like to help us get around? We know that there are lots of friendly bookstores, coffeehouses, hip clothing stores, drugstores, and outlets of all kinds, especially in the suburbs, that would want to sell the Chicago Seed. Unfortunately, we don't know where all of them are. You can help us by writing (2628 N. Halsted St., Chicago, 60614) or calling (929-0133) Terry Seed and telling her of stores in your neighborhood that you think might stock Seeds. Then we'll send our distributors out to sell them some papers. Thanks. We want suburban dealers.

## THE SEED IS PLANTED AT

Spectacle Head Shop	Evanston
Head Shop	Main nr Chicago
Insanity	nr Paulina
Haven Bookstore	1522 Howard
Four Heads	6744 Sheridan
Haven Bookstore	5550 Broadway
Book Box	4800 blk Broadway
Head Hunter	2300 blk Devon
Modern Bookstore	3300 Broadway
Airport	2933 Broadway
Haven Bookstore	2927 Broadway
Environmentics	2900 blk Broadway
Mike's Bookstore	2800 Broadway
Feedstore	2464 N Lincoln
Head Imports	2446 N Lincoln
subway	Fullerton stop
The Guild	2120 N Halsted
stand	Armitage & Sedgwick
Old Town Bookstore	" " "
stand	North & Wells
Volume One	Piper's Alley
Barbara's Bkstore	1500 blk Wells St
Trading Post	1500 blk Wells St
Midwest Art Supply	1500 blk Wells St
Sight Shop	North nr Wells
Connoisseur	Michigan nr Rand
Lake Bookstore	128 W Lake
Paperback Center	6 N Clark
stand	State & Madison
stand	State & Randolph
The Door	3100 blk Broadway
Can-It	1407 N Wells
Book Center	Harper Court
stand	53rd & Lake Pk
55th & California	Stand
The Book Nook	1540 E 55th St
U of C Bookstore	
Doc Gandalf's	5961 Lake, Austin
stand	11th & Michigan
Inner Limits	3304 W Foster
Grammaphone	2633 N Clark
Vayhan's	Clark nr Wacker
Vanguard Bkstr	1010 N State
Round Records	6469 N Sheridan
Old Wells Record	651 N State
Occult Bookstore	651 N State
Mod Shop	11723 S Michigan
Taza Bookstore	1402 Sedgwick
Garden Apt Pharmacy	1452 Sedgwick
AC-DC	860 N State
The Headquarters	5249 W. Irving Pk Rd
7-11 Grocery Store	Church & Grosse Pt Rd
	Skokie
Collectors Center	3000 Broadway
The Crystal Ship	1749 Morse(nr Clark)
The Home(inner Limits)	3304 Foster
The Spectacle	1307 Chicago, Evanston
Cafe Pergolessi	3404 N Halsted
Blu Note Record Shop	3352 N Lincoln
The Comfortable Chair	5503 1/2 Hyde Park
A Warehouse	2837 Broadway
Midwest Stero	4935 Oakton(Skokie)
Little Al's Record	3216 W Lawrence
Shops	3171 Lincoln
	2739 Milwaukee
	41 W Division
	2042 E. 71st St.
	615 W. Diversy
	660 Varnon, Glencoe

There are street vendors all over the loop and on Wells street on fair days. Vendors can get papers at the Seed office, or at the Skald on Wells St. Make 15 cents a paper \$8 to \$10 an hour.....

Mike Gold of the Conspiracy reports:

At the June 29th Lincoln Park Be-In, Abbie Hoffman announced the upcoming August and September actions in connection with the Conspiracy trial. On August 28th, the first anniversary of the Grant Park battle during last summer's Battle of Chicago, a national Conspiracy tag day will be held. Its purposes include educating the people about the nature of federal government harassment, discussing how the Revolutionary Movement has changed since the Battle of Chicago, and gathering support for the Conspiracy.

Massive demonstrations are being planned by the SDS, Black Panthers, and Conspiracy staff for the beginning of the trial on September 24th. The demonstrations, similar in scope to last year's Convention Week demonstrations, will once again bring together Movement people throughout the nation, with a far greater participation by the Black Panther Party. Workshops, rallies, and demonstrations are now being planned, with a special emphasis on the high school liberation movement. On September 27th, a march from Lincoln Park to the Federal Building where the Conspiracy trial is to be held shall end that week's activities.

The Movement Speakers Bureau has been organized in connection with the Conspiracy; booking such speakers as Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Ed Sanders and Paul Krassner. Instead of losing a large percentage of money to professional booking agencies, the Speakers Bureau will function as a non-profit organization. Each speaker

will choose two movement organizations to donate the profits of his speeches and the Bureau will split the funds between them, the first receiving 60% and the second getting the remaining 40%.

The Bureau's catalog of participants will be ready in the coming weeks. For further details, write the Movement Speakers Bureau at 333 East Fifth Street, New York, N.Y., 10003; or call them at (212) 228-8432.

The final figure on funds taken in during last month's Conspiracy Tag Day approaches \$2,000. Whereas this was more than what was expected, the staff's expenses for the past two and one-half months exceed \$15,000; including the massive legal expenses to date. New fund raising programs are being planned. Conspiracy posters, bumper stickers, and buttons are being sold at the office (28 East Jackson, room 407) and in many head shops in the city.

Tickets for the Monterey Pop Festival flick are still being sold at the office or by mail. The film is being shown at the Three Penny Cinema on Lincoln and Fullerton for \$2.00 a ticket, those sold by the Conspiracy are good at all times except the 8:00 and 10:00 performances on Friday and Saturday nights. Seventy-five cents of each of these tickets sold goes to the Conspiracy.

"The Great Conspiracy Caper," an underground comic book is being compiled by Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson, featuring comix by Lynch and Williamson themselves and such underground artists as R. Crumb and Gilbert Shelton. It should be ready for distribution sometime before the September trial.

## Intimate Secrets Revealed!



Your Cost: Only \$1.98

Now you—more or less an innocent by-stander—can peer deep into the heart of Warners and Reprise, a pair of record companies sometimes archly referred to as "The Gold Dust Twins."

*Hear*... why a Fug can appeal to the same audience as Joni Mitchell!

*Treasure*... previously unavailable stuff by heart thumpers like Van Dyke Parks and Jimi Hendrix!

*See*... Arlo Guthrie and The Mothers and Tiny Tim all share one side of an LP!

*Learn*... what makes Warners/Reprise pretty groovy!

Golly, what a value! A luxuriously packaged two-album set. All good 1968-1969 stereo stuff. All in all, 40-or-so songs and goodies. By 23 of our favorites, meaning people like Randy Newman, Van Morrison, Jethro Tull, Sweetwater, Pentangle, Miriam Makeba, Family, The Everly Brothers, and a terrific amount more.

And think of this! We take a bath every time we sell you guys one of these double albums, called SONGBOOK. With all this in it, we turn no tidy profit at \$1.98. A tidy loss is what we turn.

Plus... this is your chance, Record Fan, to peer deep into the inner workings of the company that *Crawdaddy* magazine predicted will be "the most important force in the music business in 1969." Face it, for \$1.98, you could do worse.

And remember, on every sale of SONGBOOK, Warners/Reprise loses money! But, such is the insanity of our times

If you'd like to learn more about (1) the insanity of our times (2) what makes Warners/Reprise a winner, and (3) twenty-three acts that are damn good, slip your \$1.98 to —

Loss Leader Dept.  
Warners/Reprise Records  
Burbank, Calif. 91503

Dearest Stan:

Enclosed is my check for \$1.98, made out to "Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records." Now you have to send me "SONGBOOK." Boy, I can hardly wait.

If you don't send in your \$1.98, we'll understand. We save a penny or two, too. So please don't worry about it if you don't send in for SONGBOOK, because honest, in these days, we feel a penny saved is not to be sneezed at.

God bless you all.





LONG TIME COMING # AGE OF ROCK <sup>from</sup> 16  
olution and deathblack reaction. It's the difference between a governor's eighty-plus-year-old mother being arrested on a civil rights march and Jmaes Rector bleeding to death on a Berkeley 'roof top.

You shouldn't be surprised. You were among the first of out time to stick your head out the window and feel the absurdity raining from the sky. You went to Cuba before the charter flights from Mexico began and spent time in Ireland with the IRA instead of the Blarney Stone. Weaned on Dylan-of-the-first-name, you envied Dylan surname because he'd made it and was younger than you. Your old lady says that your biggest problem was not knowing "where the reality stopped and the fantasy began." You even saw your obituary coming (although the reality part said that it was about Dylan last-name). "Catch him was the idea. Next week he might be mangled on a motorcycle."

You and Kesey and Heller and Pyncheon were the literary Marx brothers of the decade. You planted and cultivated the current crop of dopesmokinglaobalvillage generationgap youth rebels. But the Change so central to your stories and poems is the time and tide that does not wait. The onrushing wave that justifies a statement like "...at this point in history, most of the organs of opinion are in control of the prisoners of logic" (Ralph Gleason said that) has washed softness and subtlety out to sea and made A Long Time Coming...a long time gone.

Abe Peck

Chicago Kaleidoscope has ceased publication. We learned a lot from it. We welcome its contributors and readers to join us along with Armando, George and Gary.

### LAST DRAGS

At this time, copy for the issue before you is still coming. Of the articles pasted up and thinking of the copy to come, I urge you to check out page 8 of this issue, if you haven't already - I think the layout is good and I wish someone in the Department of the Interior could get into the words. Entitled "Earth Read-out," by Keith Lampe, it's about pollution and the destruction of a cycle in which (suprize) man is included.

If you've got some spare bread, the time, the desire to stick it in an envelope, and a hankering to get some more dope on how things are really getting fucked up, send at least 25¢ to the SEED, %Pollution, and we will send to you, with as much obligation as you put on yourself, Volume 3, Number 11 of the Chicago SEED. The features of the issue were about pollution; and we think a really good mixture of copy and graphics.

**TRIAD**  
93.9 FM

ROCKEFELLER... CONT'D FROM PAGE 15  
court of law, Rockefeller would have been disqualified for conflict of interest. Nixon points proudly to Rockefeller's thirty years of Latin service without even thinking that Nelson can no longer tell the difference between "official" and "private" business. In Latin America, Nelson is the honcho. In Washington he is the diplomat. In New York State he is the man who imprisons Black Panthers and cuts welfare payments while his own wallet strains with money in amounts beyond the comprehensions of most people. He hob-nobs with all the people seen on the postcards of Rio's Copacabana Beach, and fears all the unnamed, unknown, unkempt souls who exits in the slums back of the sand. More than any other man, he is the personification of the Yankee that Latins want to go home.

But Nelson is only one guy and the Rockefeller's - however powerful - a single family. -The "great man" theory has its drawbacks; in this case the ogre is - you guessed it - imperialism. Rockefeller manifest the greed creep mentality that is making this country an outlaw nation. The Rockefellers are one of the United States' princely families and, like the Stones say, "the time is right for palace revolution."

Fidel Peck

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-Archer Winston, New York Post



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# Doing It at The Track

atlanta pop

Like, two years ago you could walk down the street and see a guy who looked real wierd...and you knew. Now, I look out here and, well, everyone looks wierd. You just can't tell anymore.

Janis Joplin  
at the Atlanta  
International Pop Festival

Given media in America, it takes about two weeks for something to become institutionalized. This is the era of the instantaneous—just add money and, presto—change, instant stardom, instant tradition, instant success.

The Atlanta International Pop Festival, coming on the heels of the disastrous Newport '69 fiasco, drew little national notice. There were column-inch ads in some underground papers, a four-page section in the *Great Speckled Bird*, and some pre-publicity in the trade journals. The entire approach of the sponsors was soft-sell; the official Festival poster (this time a V coming out of a wreath; if you stepped back five feet it looked like a porcupine) and bona fide Festival tee-shirts were ever-present, but there was no massive carrying on about pig power structures and such. From the beginning, the Festival was described as a tribal gathering, a coming together, a passive non-violent celebration.

The *Great Speckled Bird* is the local paper. Situated in a freak section of the city, it spends most of its energy working out alternate life-style trips. The Bird's pre-Festival issue devoted two pages to the Festival. The article was skeptical. Why must people pay \$6.50 a night to hear their music? What was the role of Eastern and Delta airlines in sponsoring the event? How come there were no "protest groups" slated to play? What was the story about civic support: did Mayor Allen, who has publicly announced his opposition to bikers and longhairs coming into Atlanta for weekends of fun, change his mind because of some personal enlightenment or because he feared that a growing left community would go across town to dig the July Fourth parade? It closed with a few questions about the factuality of the performer list. In essence, the Bird's position was like those of papers across the country: don't fuck with our culture.

By 11 AM Friday the massive parking lot was filled. Most of the cars bore Georgia plates, but there were many with tags from Florida, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas and other states not normally associated with the rock revolution. By showtime (2 PM) there were at least 40,000 people inside the Raceway oval, and the line outside the far gates (themselves separated from the track by a half-mile of parking space) was a good two miles long. It was obvious that something amazing was happening.

We, the hip community of Atlanta, would like to extend a welcome to our brothers and sisters...Atlanta is a generally cool town...Atlanta is one of the last chances of the hip movement to establish a visible, living alternate to the killer society of America. We hope you will...stay to help us build the Aquarian Age.

From the Festival Program

Despite the reserved response of the Bird, the Festival appeared to be the joint effort of the Atlanta underground. The Bird had a booth to nest in, as did such local stores as Atlantis Rising. A good number of freaks made bucks working to prepare the wierdos who wore armbands that said "Friend." At Newport, a goon squad composed of members of a local club called the Street-racers spent their time beating the shit out of anyone who differed with their orders while county cops gassed gate-crashers; here the Pinkies were polite and the Friends 'of the people.' There were no (zero) official piggers on the grounds, startling enough for an event involving youth culture to shake one's opposition to private property. The music went until four AM the first night and two AM on the second.

## PACIFIC GAS



Regional bias might conjure up a vision of a few decent groups and some local combos taking advantage of the sudden limelight. False. Spirit; Johnny Winter; Canned Heat; Credence Clearwater; Led Zeppelin; and Blood, Sweat & Tears got encores. Sweetwater; Johnny Rivers; Ten Wheel Drive; Booker T and the MGs; and Delaney, Bonnie & Friends were well-received regional entries. The bill was completed by Joe Cocker (the hero of Newport, according to the LA Freep), Chicago Transit Authority, and Ian & Sylvia, who people liked; and the Staple Singers, Tommy James & the Shondells, Dave Brubeck, Al Kooper, and (alas) Paul Butterfield (and the Untogether Horns, who scarcely moved the needle. But the show was ultimately about Pacific Gas and Electric and Janis Joplin.

Pacific Gas & Electric gets better each time they play. They were the star group at the Miami Festival. They have a magnificent guitarist in Glenn Schwartz and a very talented drummer-arranger in Frank Cook (even if his red sunglasses do make him look like Rootie Kazop-tie). Their lead singer, Charlie Allen, is a master at milking a crowd. They function as a collective entity. Schwartz, a former drag-racer whose fundamentalist religious convictions make him the Bobby Richardson of rock, says that the group's goal is to play the ultimate session, which would consist of the world's population swaying and loving at the same time. They put out the kind of vibration that makes you think twice about dismissing the possibility.

"Lady Janis", as she was billed, was the one individual that the crowd was waiting to see. At least 80,000 people watched her and the new group do a midnight show. "The Joplinaires" showed that they are tighter than the Holding Company; despite the name, the group also has more balance. Horns alternate with guitars, and the specialty number features the lead sax man joining Janis in a long song about how to get laid. But she could



play with five Dalmatians and people would still show up to hear her belt out songs and down bourbon. Someone once said that when Bessie Smith sang the blues, she was really singing one message: "Kiss my big black ass." The cries from the guys jumping up and down in the pit fronting on the stage seemed to be in favor of a little white meat.

OK. This was the south. On the same day that a chorus line of rednecks flanked Charlie Allen, a group of blacks were chased from the lake down the road. As Booker T and the MGs finished their set, one of the "Friends" backstage began an analysis of "nigger playing." The editor of a paper from North Carolina put down SDS for what he thought was the impracticality of its insistence on confronting racism without first creating a radical consciousness.

It was the south in other ways. There were four types of people present: glib urban freaks, teenie-boppers hillbillies and hayseeds, and the Atlantean middle class. Nearly all the urban druggies from Atlanta seemed to work at the Festival, while those from Miami spent their time muttering about the strange ways of the mountain folk and trying to steal stoned, giggly teenies from their men. The billies were out of S. Clay Wilson's comic about crackers vs bikers at the roadside café; the rich local straights came straight from the pages of Thorstein Veblen's essay on conspicuous consumption. Many of the billies and nearly all the straights acted like someone had hit them on the head with a ball peen hammer. Maybe it was the hundred-degree heat, but they bought anything and everything.

It was Electric Babylon. One booth made \$2,000 peddling plastic flowers, another closer to three grand pushing roach clips, Crumb comics, and old posters. The entrepreneurs were the Mother Courages of the revolution, selling chopped meat to the rubes with their thumbs on the scales. Articles not seen in northern stores for years were the featured items at some of the concessions. It was John's Bargain Store gone mod. One guy from a Nevada City, California commune halved the price of his hand-crafted scented candles in protest; ninety percent of his customers couldn't tell the difference between lemon and raspberry and only wanted something to light up their campsite.

Awhile back I mentioned that the show was about PG & E and Janis Joplin. That's only half true; the show was equally about a shared living experience. There were so many people that it became impossible to leave the grounds. Twenty thousand music fiends stayed over the first night: refuse trucks couldn't get through, so sleeping bags and blankets rested on a solid coating of watermelon rinds and aluminum cans. The Port-O-Let toilets backed up, joining the national park-style crappers to turn the area into a swamp. Hundreds of people fainted from the heat. At least one person died, and a young girl had a stillborn baby behind a stall. A rumor spread that Johnny Winter had been busted with a covey of underage chicks.

The phoenix that rose out of the bumper ashes was something that could only be called southern hospitality. Even as a ripoff from Florida sold small bags of ice for a buck each and the local grocer charged \$7 for a bottle of undrinkable wine, people gave away scarce supplies of food, drink, and smokes of all kinds. A saint-of-the-moment toured the press area with some righteous koolaid. When a horde of hot hippies broke the showers, the Festival management rolled out some firetrucks and hosed thousands of willing water-brothers. People carried strangers into the shade and wiped their brow. Those that could, took new friends home with them. A lot of lovemaking went down.

It was both beautiful and scary. Even as someone did some outasight thing the flash came that there would be 100,000 skeletons bleaching in the sun on August 4th. The ethos was definitely hip; love your brothers and sisters and do individuals acts of kindness—even when it's obvious that the problems are institutional. The Raceway, uncomfortable as it might have been, was a playground for flower children, horny guys, and people attracted by the size of the crowd. \$6.50 a day bought the privilege of celebrating shared consciousness, only part of which was related to the music. Thousands of those in attendance never got closer than 200 yards to the stage, yet they kept talking about the good time they were having. People recognized each other as hillbillies, freaks, or whatever, yet there were no enemies here, no



## MUSIC

Aragon 1106 W Lawrence

July 19-The Jefferson Airplane, Ventures, Dillard & Clark.

July 26 Rotary Connection, John Mayall, Jonah Jones, Junior Wells.

Kinetic Playground 4812 N Clark 787-1700  
July 18-19 Led Zeppelin, Savoy Brown, The Litter.

July 25-26 Richie Havens, Jethro Tull, Spooky Tooth

It's \$5 a head except for Tues nite jam & audition nite when it's only a buck

Mart O'Neil & his Golden Toned Guitar at La Concha 2200 N Lincoln Ave Fri & Sat July 18 & 19 8:30 til 2am

The Association Sat July 26 at the Auditorium Theater 7:00&10:30 Sun 7:30 \$3.50-6.50

Sunday= July 27 Blind Faith (Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, Ginger Baker, Rich Grech) at the Amphitheater 7:30 \$3;50-6.50

Rock to ballads to the ridiculous by Dee Dee Wright and Brian Gieler two guitar playing singers At Barbarossa 117 N Dearborn, July 18-19 and at the No Exit Cafe 7001 N Glenwood July 26.

Northwestern U Summer Band Open Air Concerts Weds= July 23, 30, at 7pm FREE at Deering Meadow in front of Deering Library 1937 Sheridan Evanston Call 492-5441

Chamber Music Mon July 21 at 8:15 FREE Lutkun Hall 700 University Place Evanston call 492-5441

Rock Concert Thurs July 26 Classics IV New Colony Six, Crow, WCFL, S Ron Riley as MC Coutesy 22nd Century Productions \$3.50 at Northbrook Sports Complex 2300 Pfingsten Rd Northbrook

LIBERATION A Rock Cantata Sun&Mon at the Center For New Music 2263 N Lincoln 7 & 9pm FREE

The James E Fuques Blues Band every Weds night at the Filling Station 12 W Maple.

AACM every Weds at Hyde Park Art Center 5236 S Blackstone \$1.25 Call 955-9542

The Village School of Folk Music presents Bob Gand folksinger in residence July 20, 27 for Hootenannies at 8pm Tanelian Bldg, 631 Deerfield Rd, Deerfield. Open Stage for all performers FREE

Jose Feliciano Friday July 18 8:30 at the Auditorium Theater \$3.50-6.50 Call 922-2110

## FILMS

Thurs= July 24 5:30 & 7:30 Eight films by Stan Brakhage 'Desistifilm' 'Nightcats' 'Sirus Remembered' 'An Avante Garde Home Movie'

Saginaw Film Festival Aug 15-16 9pm at the Ginger Blues Coffee House 116 S Hamilton, Saginaw Michigan To enter: submit 8mm/Super 8 films any length to W. Wegner 4373 Wayside South, Saginaw Michigan 48603 by Aug 8

Northwestern U summer film series= July 21 'The Grande Illusion' 'Guernica' July 28 'The Servant' 'The Last Mohican' 8pm FREE Cahn Auditorium 600 Emerson Evanston Call 492-5665

## CALENDAR

Playboy Theater has all-nite shows on Fri & Sat nites after the last regular feature. We didn't get the info in time for this issue, but if you call 944-3434 & the pretty lady on the other end will tell you what they have.

Field Museum summer series of films for kids July 24 'Living Things are everywhere' 10am & 1pm Roosevelt at Lake shore drive.

## THEATER

Athenaeum 2936 N Southport Ave Theater Firat presents 'The King & I' Fri & Sat 8:30; Sun at 7:30 To July 19 \$2 Call 463-3545.

Baird, 615 W Wellington, Community Arts Foundation presents Albee's 'Box-Mao-Box' Fri & Sat 8:30; Sun 7:30 to July 29 \$2.50 to \$3.50 Call 525-1052

Goodman's Children's Theater 200 S Columbus Dr 'The Canterville Ghost' 2:30 Tues thru Sat to Aug 16 2:30 \$1.50-1.75 Call CE6-2337

Hull House 3212 N Broadway Joe Orton's 'Entertaining Mr Sloane' Fri & Sat 8:30; Sun 7:30 \$2.40-4.40 Call 348-5622

Northwestern U Dept of Interpretation-Reading hour featuring students from the Symposium of the Teaching of Black Literature Through Interpretation. Tue July 22 8pm FREE Rm 217 Fisk Hall 1845 Sheridan, Evanston Call 492-5300

Center Stage thru Aug 9th 'Once Upon a Mattress' Fri & Sat 8:30 \$2.50 at 4715 N Broadway Reservations 728-8930

Chicago Repertory Theater presents Beckett's 'Engame' Saturdays thru July at 2515 W 69th St

Second City 1616 NWells 'Peace, Serenity & Other Impossible Things or Eight Blocks From Tokyo Rose' Tues-Fri & Sun 9pm; Sat 11pm & 1am \$2.95-3.95 Call 337-3992

Studebaker 418 S Michigan Eugene O'Neil's 'A Moon for the Misbegotten' Mon thru Sat 8:30pm Weds & Sat 2pm \$3.50 to \$7 Until July 19 Call 922-2973

Cafe TOPA 904 W Belmont presents 'Ludlow Fair' & 'This Property is Condemned' 8:30 Fri & Sat til July 19 \$2 'Moon. & Talk to Me Like the Rain & Let Me Listen' 8:30 Thurs, 7:30 Sun til July 27 \$1.50 Call 549-8618

## SPECIAL

South Commons Art Festival July 19-20 1pm at 2831 N Michigan. Drama, arts, music featured.

Free Fair 47th & Damen Ave Rides, contests & entertainment Nightly thru Aug 3 6-12 pm

Adler Planetarium FREE open 9:30-9:30 Monday til 5 Public Sky Show (50 cents) Different show each month July- The Mysterious Sky coming in August--the same thing!

Go see the groovy new wall on the building at 247 E Ontario.

Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park squirts water nightly and has a pretty fair light show from 9-10pm (10:30 on concert nite) Seedlings are notorious for giving out free samples in the area.

## EXHIBITIONS

Museum of Contemporary Art 235 E Ontario European Painters Today 80 paintings by 49 artists from 9 countries Also Dribblescape by Steven Jay Urry An environmental alluminum flowscape of amebic frozen sounds July 19-Sept 7 Call 943-7755 for more info.

Three Man Show, Dale Qu artermann, Dave Dumo, Ed Corey at the Rosner Gallery for Student Artists 235 E Ontario til July 26

## COMMUNITY

Saturday July 26 9pm n by they throw rocks at Rocky below the border' an address by Sr Slias Argot of Mexico City, at the College of Complexes 105 W Grand Ave also a YAWF demonstration in front of the Peruvian Consulate to show solidarity with the struggle of the people in their fight against American Imperialism. For time & place call YAWF 348-1691

July 19 11am every Sat, the Women for Peace vivil on State St between Madison & Washington Also at 9pm 'Bring Back Lyndon Johnson' an address by Bill Smith at the college of Complexes 105 W Grand Avenue.

Lincoln Park Town Meeting the 3rd Weds of each month (last July 16) Community Review Board (po-lice & community relations) 4th Weds of each month (July 23) Both at the Church of the Three Crosses 1900 N Sedgwick= at 8pm

Police Community Council of the 18th District meets on the 2nd Tues of each month at the courtroom at 113 W Chicago 8pm

**SPECIAL NOTE ABOUT THE PICTURE** Peter McLan is-- the poet singing with his guitar; the actor who speaks as Everyman; the playwright-director who turns real before your very eyes and calls you Everyman. Peter McLan has--a head for creative thought; the momentum with which to to play his ideas against the backdrop of your mind and to stimulate a dialogue between yourself and Everyman; an idea for a different approach to theater: the Peter McLan Stage Group, under the direction of Four Rings Ltd., a creative endeavor exploring the many varied interrelations of art, music, literature in theater. Peter McLan has written a play called Dancing at the Ritz which coordinates music, acting, concepts and staging into a contemporary cohesive core from which Everyman speaks today as he has spoken for the last four thousand years. Peter McLan needs talented creative people to perform in dancing At The Ritz: musicians, pit musicians, a keyboard woodwind, one organist, one bass player, one horn, one cellist, various double reed players TO GO! People must be prepared to travel, improvise, do odd hours, Substinance salary plus room & board on teh road \$ if the show makes it. Auditions July 24 for info call Richard at 973-5781 or Peter at 281-7114

## CONTINUING

The Bue Gargoyle is closed for the CADRE pot luck dinner info call CADRE Sat between 11-7 664-6895

Poetry readings every Friday nite from 9 pm on at The Door 3124 N Broadway Closed Thursdays,,,

SATURDAYS Outdoor Back Arts Festival at the Afro-Arts Theater 3947 S Drexel All black artists invited, For info call WA4-2140

SATURDAYS 8:30pm Indian PowWow at American Indian Center 1630 W Wilson.

Street Theater workshops at the Wellington Church 615 W Wellington every Weds nite at 8pm for political minded freaks who want to do their thing in the streets....

The Oxymoron at the First Church of Lombard Main & Maple features food, drink, music discussion & people Weds & Fri 8:30 to 11:30 50 cents.

Myopia Coffee House Wed, Theater, poetry movies, Fri, Sat, sun all types of Musical entertainment \$1.50 males \$1 females coffee, tea, or cider, pastries 8pm 8344 Niles Center Road.

Public Viewing Northwestern Univ. Dearborn Observatory Every Fri nite from 8-9 and 9-10 pm FREE but call 492-7651 for reservations.

TUESDAYS Free Feed at Alice's restaurant 2445 N Lincoln Ave 6:30 to about 7:30 help always needed.

WEDNESDAYS Free Food Grace Church 555 W Belden 6:30 to about 8pm Help & Food needed.

The Vanguard Bookstore is closed.

THE CENTER utilizes Eastern & Western ways and "non-ways" in the development of the human soul. For reservations write or call 140 N State 641-5695

Backway Coffee Haus 104th & King Dr Sat & Fri nites, music films and poetry. Center for the South Side.

Theater Workshops for the Modern Actor's Studio \$1.50 for each week= ly session Call 549-1002 for more information

Music at the Tuna Fish 1700 Maple (The Old Student Union) in Evanston For now it's Saturdays only 7:30-12:30

Ali Espresso Coffee House folk music. Open at 7:30 Closed Mon; Tues free; Weds, Thurs, Sun, 75 cents; Fri & Sat \$1.25 It's on 63rd St Call 767-7154 for info.

Broken Wall Coffee House Discussions, speakers, special presentations 5203 N Kimbal Nightly 8-11 Fri & Sat 8:30-12 Closed Mondays

Earl of Old Town Live Folk Music 1615 N Wells Nightly 9-4am 50cents

CAFE PERGOLES! Coffee House with bridge, chess, local artist's show, baroque music 2938 N Clark Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover charge

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 3124 N Broadway Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided Mon thru Thurs 7-2; Fri noon til 2; Sat Sun 2-2

WEDNESDAYS Hootenanny at It's Here 6455 N Sheridan Rd Coffee House also features folksingers & satirists Daily 8-1 Fri 8-2 closed Mondays Admission \$2.50

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players, every Fri & Sat 9-1am Folk, bluegrass, balladeers also featured.

WEEKENDS Geja's Wine & Cheese Cafe features Tomas, flamenco guitarist on Fri & Sat nites 1248 N Wells 9:30-1:30 No Cover Charge

FRIDAYS Central YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnite Farwell Hall 19 S lasalle Open to the public Admission is 75cents

We try our hardest to get all we can on this page...If you want your thing included it doesn't cost anything. Call or write The Seed 929-0133 (terry) 2628 N Hlsted Chicago Illinois 60614

Subscribe!



# FEEDBACK

Dear Seed,

Read my first Seed today. Yours is such a lively paper, despite the fact that it comes out of Daley's city, that I thought I would write to you about my idea.

This is the deal... I think that the most efficient, safest, and cheapest method of long-distance travel is by bicycle-chain propelled sail balloon. Like, you get a World War II sub-hunter type balloon, erect sails and a propeller on it, and replace the heavy gondola and gasoline motor or motors with a lighter gondola (balsa wood, canvas, aluminum tubes, etc), so that you don't need an expensive gas-and-oil consuming motor. The big wooden propeller would be turned by foot-pedals working bicycle chains, the prop blowing wind into your sail (together with tacking the sail one way or another) to enable you to go in whatever direction you want, instead of just being carried along by the breezes of the sky. You could also use a motor-scooter engine, perhaps, although anything heavier than that would put you in the money rat-race and air pollution bag.

You don't even need helium for gas (which is non-inflammable, if you can afford it) as a small kerosine or gas-burning device can provide hot air for the gas bag. In fact, you can raise and lower yourself simply by turning the knob on your gas-burner.

I suppose World War II sub-chasing blimps are a little hard to come by nowadays, but there are surplus weather balloons around which could be hung together (one by itself is insufficient).

A sail-balloon is safer than either a car or an airplane, because you avoid the ground traffic and dangers that a speeding car encounters, while going just as fast as a car (by combining wind speed with not being confined to

roads). Since the balloon is not a heavier-than-air machine, you do not fall to the ground kerplunk! as an airplane does when something goes wrong - you descend gradually, giving you time to cope with the situation. Especially if you are using several weather balloons, or your single gas bag is chambered, so that one puncture doesn't affect the other bags or sections.

Also, since your gas-burner (and/or scooter-motor) burn less fuel than either airplanes, cars, or motorcycles, you would be helping to reduce air pollution. If only 10% of the people of the U.S. took to sail balloons as their regular mode of transportation, air pollution would be greatly reduced. Sail balloons are also more maneuverable than a car, airplane, or helicopter. If you would like to picnic on the heights of a wooded mountain, where there is no road and airplanes and helicopters of course cannot land, you can anchor your sail balloon to a tree (pumping your propeller in reverse to slow yourself down) and then climb down on the limbs of the tree.

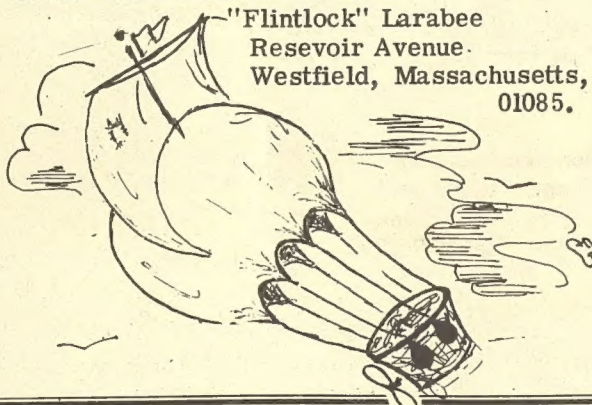
As you can probably see by now, the possibilities of this grooviest of means of travel are endless. For safety's sake, the gas-bags should be painted with day-glo paint, which incidentally provides scope for your wild designs.

Sail balloons would provide a fitting means of travel between rural communes. Communitarians could travel back and forth (even transport goods) high above the hassles on passing through honky-land below and at the same time be cheaper, simpler, and more hassle-free than that heavy honky means of air-travel, the airplane.

Sail balloon piloting licenses ought to be easier to obtain than ordinary pilot's licenses, since they are much simpler aircraft. Of course aviation authority rules will have to be observed, which is only a matter of safety.

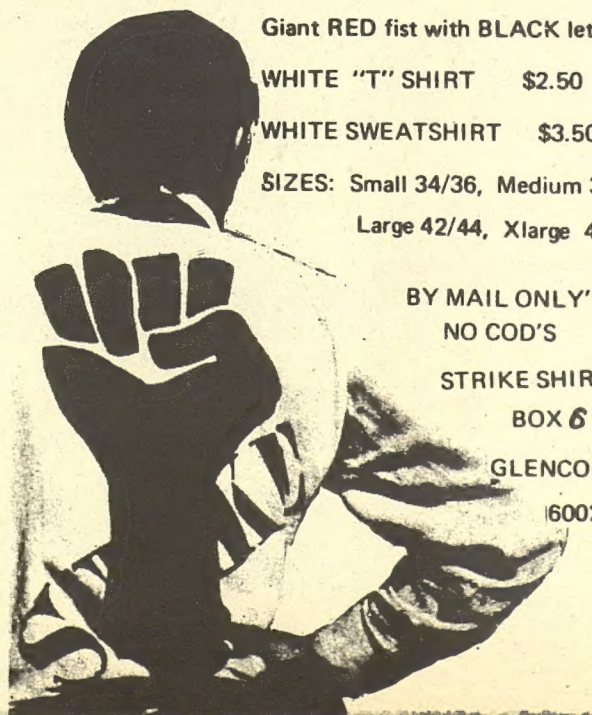
Persons interested in building one of these with me should write to:

"Flintlock" Larabee  
Reservoir Avenue  
Westfield, Massachusetts,  
01085.



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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

## An Open Letter To The Hip Community from the Do It Now Foundation

We are well aware that the widespread use of downers has hit the American scene once again.

For the past year and a half, the Foundation has been trying to help people off speed, with noticeable results. Amphetamines burned up the body and the mind at an alarming rate.

Speed freaks killed themselves off in two or three years. Now downer freaks can do it in six months.

Please, this is no way to win a revolution. Already we've seen several of our friends die and we've treated hundreds more for near-fatal overdoses. Downers can cause heart damage, brain damage, and withdrawal that is more painful than withdrawal from smack.

All you older dopers know what you're doing already; so please, please tell these new ones what barbituates and amphetamines can do to them.

After all, what's the use of winning anything if you won't be around to enjoy it.

Love,

D. I. N.  
6230 Sunset Blvd.  
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Seedlings,

Seeing as the Seed is the most appropriate power, my girl and I decided to be married using a copy as our bible. We were married July 2 by our spiritual advisor Euripides in Gibson Park. Thanks for being here.

Peace, brothers,  
Janis & Zock

### URGENT:

Because Ruth has lost her weekend helper to carry the grain feed bags the thousands of pigeons in the loop will starve to death.

Please don't wait until you see them floundering on the streets and run over by the cars. Put out the word. She needs help. They need help.

Call Ruth at 743-1041 in the evening.

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The country surrounds the city  
The back country surrounds the country  
"From the masses to the masses" The most  
revolutionary consciousness is to be found  
among the most ruthlessly exploited classes  
animals, trees, water, air, grasses

Gary Snyder



The August WIN is a special double issue about Ecology; a radical perspective on man's relationship with the natural world that surrounds him.

Contributors include Paul Goodman, Allen Ginsberg, Lewis Herber, Keith Lampe, Red Power leader Nawana Tawani Shoush, Gary Snyder and Kerry Thornley, and Smokey the bear.

Reports on the ecological crisis and attempts to forge new life styles from New Mexico, Vermont, Berkeley and the Mekong Delta. So pick your favorite riverside and dig the August WIN.

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Gretchen would like to thank the tall blonde one who found her keys in the park when Free City Music did their thing a few weeks ago...\*\*\*\*\*

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There are many people who call the Seed every day to get info on the many and varied aspects of our community. You can help... if you have info about... free food, free clothes places to stay... rides in & out of the city... groovy things to do... just any old kind of info you would like to pass on to others. Call the Seed & we will leave a message on our humble bulletin board

Three of the Seedlings are in need of a large place near our office or in the Armitage Halsted area... Call Terry at the Seed 929-0133 & leave info.

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# Seek and Ye Shall Find

If you would like to place a Seed classified ad The rates published for the first time in many moons are as follows... Count a 32 space line, then it's a dollar for the first line & 50¢ for each additional line Please send a cheque or money order with your ad copy to :Classified ads Dept 2628 N Halsted Chicago Illinois 60614

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J. Sapp - Please call reverse charges, we love you, Dad & Mums

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USA Renta Car, 32 N. State St., room 1400, Chicago, Ill., phone ST2-1813. Free cars everywhere in the U.S.A.

Nationally famous Chicago photo-is looking for male & female model to illustrate high quality, all-color art book on the beauty of physical love. Will pay up to \$300 a week to each model for two weeks work. Subjects should be late teens to early 20's. Girl must be tall, lean & preferably leggy. Man must be compatible Write Box FS % Seed

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Active 47 yr old widower desires female companionship Over 25 and physically attractive Want to enjoy life starting now. Please write % Seed Box 47

Female or couple wanted for fun & games daytimes. Will make it worth your while PO Box 724 Elmhurst Illinois 60126

Male in early 20's wants female of same age to spend 2 weeks in Miami Have car. Will pay most of the costs Leave end of July Call 343-1127 after 6pm

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AMP Gretch 90w. cont. trbl & bass boost, wilder column, 4-10spkr. \$110 Eves Call Link 784-3975

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67 Jawa motorcycle beautiful 175cc Sell cheap \$199 Call 787-5389

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I am tall, slender, lean, leggy (4 of them), a bit grey, but still young at heart, a regular princess just waiting for her prince charming to come trotting over to her castle and just carry her off... Any Irish Wolfhound who thinks he fits the bill please call the Seed & leave a message for POO % Gretchen...

Homosexual letter to God Questions of topless waitress What did Adam eat? Are some top leaders normal? Are people too modest to live by the truth? And why take your revenge into their own hands? The Link Rt 2 Box 187 Oliver Springs Tenn.

Sitar... best quality from India.. Unused Contact 366-2132

Directed by David Talbott Cox Chicago Repertory Theatre will perform "The Beard" for groups who want to raise money. Contact Ross Sennett, 1526 W Ardmore or call 275-9078

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Needed: extra driver of stick-clutch Female 21-25 yrs. to camp out West. Destination California Aug 9 to Sept 1st Call Donna PR9-6699

**UPTIGHT?** Hip headshrinking, to help you get it together, student rates Near L.. Gil 383-5909

Slender, good-looking hip gay guy 21 seeks same, pref 18-25 long hair levis no hang ups Write with photo Box 2142 Champaign 61820

There is someone at TRIAD the new hip rock radio station in Chicago looking for a studio/living place in the Lincoln Fullerton or bit farther north area.. if you know of a place call the Seed & leave a message...

Mike would really like to sell his pretty red drums, if you would like to buy some pretty red drums call Mike at the Seed and rap a \$ on him

**MOVEMENT SCHOOLS**  
1) The Non-Violent Training & Action Center's summer project--- educational seminar, training wk-sps, direct action projects. Thru August 3rd. \$100 covers tuition, room, and board. 493-8382  
2) Young Socialist Alliance (YSA) Socialist Summer School. Thru Aug. 28. Nature of the state, building the rev. party, the national ?, the American Labor Movement, etc. 30¢/session, \$5 the summer. 939-2668.  
3) Chicago Live-In Projects' year-long educational program for college students on power structures, the draft, institutional racism in the Lincoln Park Area. Group will live together for the year. 939-2667.

The Seed is in need of many office supplies such as typing paper, envelopes, filing folders, paper clips manila envelopes, pencils, pens, string, thumb tacks.

Kroger Food Stores are being picketed Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons until they get rid of their grapes. 427-7078 for information, ES9-6200 if you want personnel manager Al Powers to defend the stores position.

**WELFARE MOVEMENT**  
Speakers to explain how the welfare system works against the people can be had by calling 348-6842 and leaving a message for Donna. Harold Swank is the head of the state public aid dept. The Chi. Welfare



# "Then he made the sky blue."

After the Rain  
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# Earth Read-out

Kelth Lampe

A new book: EARTH HOUSE HOLD, by Gary Snyder, New Directions, 143 pp, \$1.95 paper.

Gary Snyder's first volume of mostly prose arrives at a good time. We have been bombarded this spring with varieties of information indicating we've so damaged the planetary ecosystem quite possibly we've extincted ourselves.

Gary's book reminds us that for at least seventeen years he's been urging onto us—again and again—the kind of ecological consciousness/conscience that vastly increases chances of future human flourishings.

Way back in June of '52 Gary wrote a journal-poem which begins:

Blackie Burns

'28 years ago you could find a good place to fish.  
GREEDY & SELFISH NO RESPECT FOR THE  
LAND

tin cans, beer bottles, dirty dishes  
a shit within a foot of the bed  
one sonuvabitch out of fifty  
fishguts in the creek  
the door left open for the bear.

Multiply a-shit-within-a-foot-of-the-bed by fifty Rockefellers plus fifty industrially-revolting capitalist/communist national regimes to the fiftieth power and you've got the size of the thing facing us.

Gary's title comes from the pristine meaning of 'ecology': 'eco' (oikos) meaning 'house' (cf, 'ecumenical'): Housekeeping on Earth. Economics, which is merely the the housekeeping of various social orders—taking out more than it puts back—must learn the rules of the greater realm. Ancient and primitive cultures had this knowledge more surely and with almost as much empirical precision . . . as the most concerned biologist today.

Early sections of the book deal with his months as mountain lookout ('52-'53), beginning Zen student in Japan ('56-'57) and fireman on an almost-round-the-world tanker ('57-'58):

"Caruso: 'It's a long way to Suez'

Duperont: 'It ain't a long way man, it's just you got a short mind.'

I've spent quite some time leafing through the book looking for quotable snippets to stand as a summary of this or that. Trouble is, the book is mostly quotable and mostly summary. You start to quote something—but then you see the quote really should continue right through several pages indefinitely. Probably because the book is the product not so much of long thought as of long meditation.

Gary returned to the U.S. five months ago after having spent almost a decade in Japan studying/meditating mostly Buddhism but also a lot of Hinduism and a lot of other things including, especially, the 'coming revolution.'

His sense of what the revolution really must be makes most of the views rampant in the Movement seem less than radical—that is, less than 'root.'

In a recent poetry-reading tour of a dozen American campuses he has urged students to demand not only black studies but also 'green studies' in order to learn and implement 'the non-negotiable demands of nature.' He sees the thing coming down on us so fast—through a combination of political repression/chaos and ecological disaster—that 'we owe it to our children to teach them how to subsist in forest and mountain and back-country situations.' He thinks it imperative that American blacks and whites alike become, symbolically, indians in order to survive the next decades on this soil.

Certainly these perspectives are helpful—even liberating—when viewed within the present brink-of-civil-war context: the black thing vigorous and courageous yet not really strong because packed into the central cities surrounded by armed suburban whites and also too easily controlled from the air—just a tiny step for the regime to graduate from the 1966 surveillance helicopters over Hough to helicopter gunships spurring death; the white-militant thing too often ego-ridden, faction-ridden, media-ridden.

What if the Pentagon had to deal with thousands of small tribes scattered across the American landscape? Tribes interiorly gentle but exteriorly capable of good offense and defense. Knowing indian survival techniques and capable of indian mobility. The suburban whites thus themselves surrounded—in fact opposed simultaneously front and rear. The strategic situation changes so much that possibly few shots will have to be fired.

Probably Gary's essay "Why Tribe" is the most important in the book—or at least for most of us at this particular time. The first half of it is an incredibly compact consciousness-history of the West since World War I—and of Gary's own development since '48 when he played guitar in support of Henry Wallace: "The suspicion grew that perhaps the whole Western tradition, of which Marxism is but a (Millennial Protestant) part, is off the track. This led many people to study other major civilizations—India and China—to see what they could learn.

"It's an easy step from the dialectic of Marx and Hegel to an interest in the dialectic of early Taoism, the I Ching, and the ying-yang theories. From Taoism it is another easy step to the philosophies and mythologies of India—vast, touching the deepest areas of the mind....

"Next comes a concern with deepening one's understanding in an experimental way: abstract philosophical understanding is simply not enough. At this point many, myself included, found in the Buddha-Dharma a practical method for clearing one's mind of the trivia, prejudices and false values that our conditioning has laid on us—and more important, an approach to the basic problem of how to penetrate to the deepest non-self Self. Today we have many who are exploring the Ways of Zen, Vajrayana, Yoga, Shamanism, Psychedelics. . .

"In the course of these studies it became evident that the 'truth' in Buddhism and Hinduism is not dependent in any sense on Indian or Chinese culture; and that 'India' and 'China'—as societies—are as burdensome to human beings as any others; perhaps more so. It became clear that 'Hinduism' and 'Buddhism' as social institutions had long been accomplices of the State in burdening and binding people, rather than serving to liberate them. Just like other Great Religions.

"At this point, looking once more quite closely at history both East and West, some of us noticed the similarities in certain small but influential heretical and esoteric movements. These schools of thought and practice were usually suppressed, or diluted and made harmless, in whatever society they appeared. Peasant witchcraft in Europe, Tantrism in Bengal, Quakers in England, Tachikawa-ryu in Japan, Ch'an in China. These are all outcroppings of the Great Subculture which runs underground all through history.

"The Great Subculture has been attached in part to the official religions but is different in that it transmits a community style of life, with an ecstatically positive vision of spiritual and physical love; and is opposed for very fundamental reasons to the Civilization Establishment.

"It has taught that man's natural being is to be trusted and followed; that we need not look to a model

or rule imposed from outside in searching for the center; and that in following the grain, one is being truly moral."....

"All this is subversive to civilization: for civilization is built on hierarchy and specialization. A ruling class class, to survive, must propose a Law: a law to work must have a hook into the social psyche—and the most effective way to achieve this is to make people doubt their natural worth and instincts, especially sexual. To make 'human nature' suspect is also to make Nature—the wilderness—the adversary. Hence the ecological crisis of today.

"The tribe, it seems, is the newest development in the Great Subculture. . .

"...the modern Tribesman, rather than being old-fashioned in his criticism of civilization, is the most relevant type in contemporary society. Nationalism, war fare, heavy industry and consumership are already outdated and useless. The next great step of mankind is to step into the nature of his own mind. . .

"The Revolution has ceased to be an ideological concern. Instead, people are trying it out right now—communism in small communities, now family organization. A million people in America and another million in England and Europe. A vast underground in Russia, which will come out in the open four or five years hence, is now biding. . . Men, women and children—all of whom together hope to follow the timeless path of love and wisdom, in affectionate company with the sky, winds, clouds, trees, waters, animals and grasses—this is the tribe."

Yeah, you get quoting and you won't stop. Gary wrote that two years ago.

Gary himself places special importance on the final essay in the book, "Suwa-No-Se Island and the Banyan Ashram," because it deals with "an actual, concret realization" of many of the ideas in the earlier writings.

The essay describes closely a summer (1967) he spent on a tiny island—eight households, forty people—between Kyushu and the Ryukyus. Getting down to the bone: "Daily word was clearing a new field for sweet-potato planting. We had to get all the bamboo root runners out, turning it over with hoes and grubbing the roots. Backbreaking work, and very slow. Because of midday heat it could only be done before 10:30 or after 4. In midday we napped in the shade of the banyan, or in the Bamboo House. Other work was fuel-gathering (dead pine underbranches; dead bamboo; or driftwood) and cooking done, by turn in pairs in an open kitchen-shed with a thatch roof on an old brick campfire stove. Chinese style. (Our diet was basically brown rice and miso soup with potatoes and sweet potatoes and occasional watermelons or local bananas.) Also a lot of carpentry and construction work was continually going on, and a few hands every few days down to the village to join in on a village project, community trail-repair, or helping gut and flay an extra-large flying fish catch before it could spoil...

"In spearfishing we learned you must never choose a specific fish for a quarry: you must let the fish choose you, and be prepared to shoot the fish that will come into range. For some fish you must be one with the sea and consider yourself a fish among fish. But there was one large and unpredictable variety (cobalt with a crescent-shaped tail) that digs the strange. When one of those was around I would change my mind and consider myself a freak and be out of place; in which case he will come to look at you out of curiosity.

"When you go down with the fishes minus your spear, they treat you differently too..."

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